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Joseph Heller Talks about Good as Gold

Bill Clements: Dark Tales of a Rising Star

How the Fed Screws the Small Saver

The Balanced Budget Amendment:

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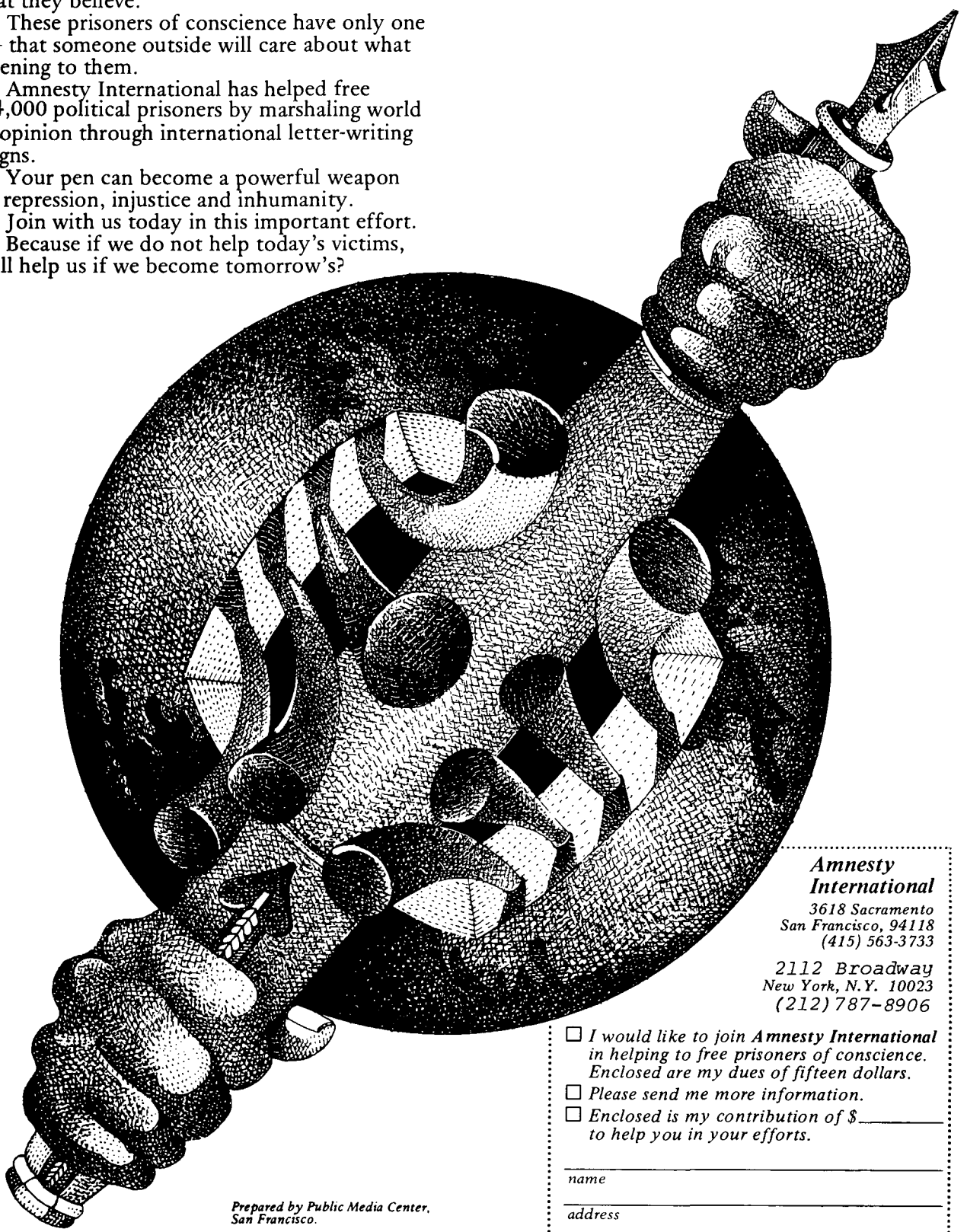

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INQUIRY

MAY 1, 1979

The Cold War comes to Las Vegas

CHRISTOPHER PAINE & JOHN MARKOFF **p. 13**

When electronic warfare specialists consort with Pentagon brass at the annual gathering of the Old Crows, all the rules go out the window.

Don't mess with Bill (Clements)

SAM ATTLESEY **p. 17**

Texas Governor William Clements began running for President the day he took office. But serious conflict-of-interest charges may slow him down.

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Panic on the Potomac; Passing the buck; Mideast maelstrom

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Singing the balanced-budget blues. People want the government to stop spending so damned much money, but Congress is busy protecting its privilege to spend whatever it pleases. (*PHIL STANFORD*)

Corporate State ..... **p. 8**

How the small saver gets screwed. Federal regulations prevent the small saver from earning the full market return on his deposits. And the way things are shaping up in Congress, that may not change. (*NICHOLAS BURNETT*)

Politics ..... **p. 11**

Poisoning SALT. Are hidden scriptwriters at work, trying to undermine the SALT treaty with unanswerable charges of Soviet "moles" burrowing into the top echelons of the CIA? (*JEFF STEIN*)

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Featuring Joseph Heller's *Good as Gold*: Mark Shechner reviews Heller's novel, and Heller talks about it in an interview with Charlie Reilly. John S. Rosenberg on Athan Theoharis's *Spying on Americans*; Russell Stetler on Alfred Lilienthal's *The Zionist Connection.*

Film ..... **p. 30**

Stephen Harvey reviews *Norma Rae* and *The China Syndrome.*

PHOTO BY THOMAS R. KOENIGES, COURTESY OF *NEWSDAY*

A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHER

IN AN INTERVIEW IN this issue of *INQUIRY*, Joseph Heller says that people who think the Vietnam War "was a national tragedy, but only because we lost" are "the scum of the earth." I recall hearing a similar sentiment in 1977, from a Washington journalist whom I was recruiting for the staff of the as-yet-unpublished *INQUIRY*. Phil Stanford, an intense young man with a reputation as a tough critic of the Pentagon, sat across a table at a Georgetown bar and explained why he was considering aborting a promising career as a political writer. "Do you know how depressing it is," he asked, "to deal with people who speak in terms of 'acceptable megadeaths'?" Fortunately, Stanford didn't give up writing, and after a year as a senior editor, with this issue he returns to Babylon on the Potomac as *INQUIRY*'s correspondent. I hope you enjoy his new column, "Bread and Circuses," as much as I do.

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RES PUBLICA

The little engine that could

■ In an historical sense, the Yemeni war gives the U.S. a handhold for climbing back aboard history's fast strategic freight, from which we jumped in 1973, screaming, "No more Vietnams." It may not be the best grip and Yemen may be the caboose; but, having yielded our grip in Southeast Asia, lost it in Iran, and eschewed it in Africa, we cannot be choosy. By sending jets and tanks to Yemen, making additional U.S. air elements available to Saudi Arabia if needed, and sending the carrier *Constellation* to the Arabian Gulf, the Administration is trying to get back on the train.

—*National Review, Mar. 30, 1979*

They're going to commute aboard history's fast strategic freight

■ A Democratic Congressman charged today that the number of American military instructors to be sent to Yemen would reach 230, more than double the total announced by the Pentagon. . . . Pentagon and Administration officials have been insisting that fewer than 100 Americans would be sent to Yemen. . . .

Pentagon officials insist, however, that the Defense Department was not seeking to confuse the public and that, in the words of one official, "We've been totally aboveboard on this."

The confusion apparently lies in the differing explanations about where the American technicians will be based. [Pentagon spokesman Thomas] Ross said most of the civilian technicians would work out of Saudi Arabia.

—*New York Times, Mar. 25, 1979*

"What autonomy means to me," by Menachem Begin

■ Israel intends to start a major project of settlements in the occupied West Bank of the Jordan after the signing of the peace treaty with Egypt, the state television reported tonight. The broadcast said at least 10 new outposts would be established in the West Bank in the near future.

—*New York Times, Mar. 23, 1979*

Imaginary leadership

■ [President Mobuto Sese Seko of Zaire] opened a luncheon meeting with the press here today with a long and passionate denunciation of what he called "totally false" reports of corruption and mismanagement in his Government.

He said, in reply to questions, that the [International Monetary] Fund had promised $150 million in immediate aid in return for his pledge to start a program that would cut public spending by two-thirds, improve the balance of payments and improve administrative efficiency. . . .

Asked whether such a drastic reduction would cause social problems and hurt his country's future, the President said, "Not at all. You don't know enough about Zaire. We're going to wipe out the imaginary schools and the fake teachers who only exist on paper."

—*New York Times, Mar. 22, 1979*

How to yell "fire" on $500 a day

■ Bay Area Rapid Transit officials are paying a University of Washington psychologist $500 a day to develop a set of emergency instructions for passengers in case fire breaks out on a train in the tunnel under San Francisco Bay. . . .

A BART spokesman said Wednesday that Ms. [Elizabeth] Loftus had spent a day and a half on writing and research and had come up with what appeared to be a final draft of 131 words at $5.73 a word. . . .

The message would start with a long, flat humming tone, followed by these words from the operator: "May I have your attention please? A fire has been reported on this train. BART Central would like you to leave the train for your own safety. Please leave the train now and walk slowly to the opposite tunnel."

—*Los Angeles Times, Mar. 23, 1979*

Crocodile tears

■ The long-expected resignation of Jay Solomon as head of the General Services Administration was submitted yesterday to President Carter, who said he accepted it "with regret. . . ." In a letter to Solomon accepting his resignation as administrator of the scandal-ridden agency, Carter said:

"Because of your leadership and integrity, decades of waste and corruption at the GSA are now being exposed, and those who have betrayed the public trust are being identified and punished. That process will be continued and expanded."

—*Washington Post, Mar. 22, 1979*

■ Top presidential advisers have been moving quietly to replace Jay Solomon as head of the scandal-ridden General Services Administration while laying careful groundwork to assure that the change is seen as a resignation and not a firing. Some White House officials have been upset by Solomon's willingness to talk to reporters and to permit disclosures in the press of each facet of the GSA scandal. . . .

—*San Francisco Chronicle, Jan. 22 1979*

Licensed in Boston

■ The Massachusetts House has given initial approval to a bill that would require investigative reporters to obtain licenses as private detectives.

The measure, which advanced in the House on Monday, is one of two dealing with checks on journalists proposed by State Sen. Denis L. McKenna, who has had differences with some reporters in the past. McKenna's second bill . . . would require reporters covering the Statehouse to file financial disclosure statements.

—*Los Angeles Times, Mar. 21, 1979*

For the record

■ United States armed forces were deployed in support of political objectives 215 times between 1946 and 1975, and national policy goals usually were achieved in the first six months after the use of force, according to an analysis published in Washington. . . . The study, which was published by the Brookings Institution, reported that implicit or explicit threats to use strategic nuclear weapons were made 19 times.

—*New York Times, Dec. 20, 1978*

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Constitutional convention

Panic on the Potomac

NOW THAT INFLATION IS ONCE AGAIN raging at a double-digit level, it's hardly any wonder that the American people have lost confidence in the will and ability of Congress and the Carter administration to "manage" the economy. So badly have Democratic and Republican politicians bungled affairs in the last fifteen years that words like "management" and "planning" can only draw snickers in the context of federal economic policy. The people know who's responsible for recent economic disasters: Seventy percent in a recent poll said they did not trust politicians to wipe out the budget deficit, and, in a rare display of consensus, they have chosen by a margin of at least six to one to take matters out of the hands of Congress and to support a constitutional amendment to balance the budget.

Thanks to a concerted drive by the National Taxpayers Union, twenty-one states out of the needed thirty-four have passed petitions calling for a special constitutional convention to consider adding an amendment that would require Congress to keep its books in the black. A senior White House aide calls the convention "the most important domestic issue of the year," and indications are that President Carter and many congressmen are running scared. Already they have let loose a barrage of criticism against this potential challenge to their spending powers. And their rhetoric has been as inflated as their budgets.

"The radical and unprecedented action of convening a constitutional convention might do serious, irrevocable damage to the Constitution," Carter recently wrote Vern Riffe, speaker of the Ohio House of Representatives—a strange thought, considering that the Constitution itself provided for such conventions. Walter Mondale, in a speech to the National League of Cities, raised the specters of war and depression in attacking the alleged inflexibility of the as yet unwritten amendment. And, he added, "Sometimes we need a deficit in order to stimulate the national economy"—an excuse that sounds hollow after the years of unrelieved deficits we've been handed without economic justification, by one administration after another. What Mondale really meant was, "Sometimes we need a deficit to pay for programs we can't justify enough to raise taxes for." And what the hungry city officials in the audience no doubt heard was, "Without continued deficits, federal grants to states and cities will dry up."

If that's the impression they came away with, they can't be blamed, for they had been told as much by Senator Ed Muskie of Maine when he spoke to the National Press Club last February. "That's not a threat, but arithmetic," he said, letting the state politicians draw their own conclusions. Muskie insisted that no money could come out of "defense," social security, or any other entrenched budget category. He outlined the economic holocaust that would follow in the wake of spending cuts: "That would cost more than a million American jobs. It might have an impact on inflation, but it would leave the economy far weaker than before." Evidently Muskie believes that jobs are created not by real investment but by the Federal Reserve Board's funny money, printed every year to cover congressional overspending. Fortunately more than three-fourths of the American people know better.

The liberals are having a hard time these days finding anyone to take seriously their discredited Keynesian doctrines; all those old shibboleths about the trade-off between inflation and unemployment just don't ring true in these times of high unemployment and high inflation. So liberal opponents of budget balancing have taken to arousing fears that the American people cannot be trusted with a constitutional convention. Members of a White House task force organized to defeat state endorsements of the convention have called the convention a "nightmare" and a potential source of "serious dangers to our economic, social and political system." Cynics might conclude that Carter's real nightmare is a political coup by Jerry Brown, but advocates of the convention do have to consider seriously the concern expressed by one Iowa state legislator: "Perhaps, just perhaps, you're inviting an entire rewrite of the Constitution that has existed since 1787."

Many liberals who have sounded this alarm seem to take it for granted that along with a balanced-budget amendment, we would be saddled with amendments outlawing free speech, abortion, and other civil rights—what Senator Kennedy has called "dismantling" the Constitution. That's a curious attitude for politicians who claim to want to open up the political system to "the people" and who look with pride on the growth of political participation by women, blacks, and the poor as proof that democracy works. If the people cannot be trusted at a convention, why trust them with the vote? Why not return to indirect election of senators? And why, above all, assume that convention delegates charged with the sober task of amending the Constitution would be any more likely to run roughshod over our liberties than Congress or the Nixon Court? Since any amendment proposed at a convention would still require ratification by thirty-eight states and would be subject to limited court review, it is hard to take seriously the hue and cry raised by congressional liberals.

The position of Republican leaders, however, is no less anomalous. Judging by their rhetoric, one might have expected the Grand Old Party to come down on the side of the balanced budget; after all, what else could distinguish it from the party of the New Deal and the Great Society? But let's not forget that the GOP gave us such big spenders as Presidents Nixon and Ford. So it shouldn't come as any surprise that House Minority Leader John Rhodes of Arizona should call the proposed amendment oversimplified

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and unworkable, or that Senator Barry Goldwater should sound like a Carter minion when he proclaims, "We may wind up with a Constitution so far different from that we have lived under for 200 years that the Republic might not be able to continue." Evidently Republican as well as Democratic politicians know their bread is buttered at the taxpayers' expense—and they want no part of any moves to limit their powers. As Republican Representative E. G. Shuster of Pennsylvania said in disgust at the failure of House Republicans to endorse the amendment, "We're nothing but pusillanimous pussycats."

A balanced-budget amendment isn't necessarily the best way to tackle the problem of uncontrollable government spending, but it would at least force Congress to disclose to the American people the true costs of the myriad programs that politicians enact in order to win the next election. One thing's for sure: The hair-pulling and hand-wringing by convention opponents have little to do with real fears for the stability of the economy or the sanctity of our liberties. The only liberties in question are the liberty of politicians to filch the taxpayers' money and the liberty of Americans, guaranteed by the Constitution, to exercise their democratic prerogatives. ❑

Carter flunks on inflation

Passing the buck

ON HIS RECENT BARNSTORMING TRIP through the Southwest, Jimmy Carter expected to bask in the supposed triumph of the just-concluded Middle East peace treaty. Instead, with prices rising at the annual rate of 15.4 percent, he found that all the people wanted to hear about was inflation. More sharply, they wanted to quiz him on the federal government's own responsibility for inflation. Thus, in his appearance before the National Association of Broadcasters on March 25 in Dallas, Carter was asked by Carolyn Rosenzweig of Lansing, Michigan: "Washington places much of the blame for inflation on business and labor. But since the government controls the printing press and is by far the biggest spender in the nation, I'd like to ask you, doesn't the primary responsibility for inflation really lie with the federal government and just filter down to the rest of us?" At which the crowd literally cheered.

Carter's initial comment on this highly intelligent and perceptive question was, "That seems to be the most popular question so far." He then went on to explain why he thought Mrs. Rosenzweig was wrong. It was a fast shuffle. First, he quickly acknowledged that the federal deficit was too high, and that while he had promised a balanced budget, and the promise has clearly not been fulfilled, at least the deficit will, Carter hopes, have been cut in half by 1980. That done, the President went on to set forth his basic theory of the causes of inflation. The theory can be summed up in the phrase, "we're all in it together." Or, in Carter's own words:

> It's obvious to me that industry, all employers, labor, the government at all levels and consumers are in this together, and until each one of us does our part, we'll never find a resolution of the problem.

And again:

> The point is, I'm doing all I can as head of our government to control inflation. You need to do all you can within the area of your own influence. But if your own prices and charges go up more than our guidelines, you will have directly contributed to inflation and hurt your country, and it's a responsibility that each of us ought to accept. . . . Only by assessing it as a partnership and not trying to find a scapegoat can we possibly succeed.

And on and on. It is impossible to know what the crowd thought of these words because the President made this his last answer, and promptly closed the meeting.

To someone who knew nothing about the subject of inflation, Carter's answer might have seemed sober, reasonable, and sophisticated, in contrast to Mrs. Rosenzweig's seemingly simplistic heaping of blame on the poor, struggling federal government. But Carter's approach is very much like coming upon a big guy mercilessly beating up a little guy, and approaching the matter by lecturing both of them—while the beating goes on—that everyone should pull together to reduce the climate of violence in our society. Sometimes correct answers are simple rather than complex. In the case of inflation, Rosenzweig was on target and Carter was merely fogging up the problem.

The crucial point is this: Prices don't keep going up because people are greedy, or because businessmen or unions are selfish or unpatriotic and are trying to violate Carter's guidelines. Inflation is not a general failure of will. If prices were rising by 1.6 percent a year in the early 1960s, and by over 15 percent now, the reason is *not* that the quantum of greed has increased tenfold. There are basic economic reasons for inflation, and they have nothing to do with the relative selfishness or nobility of workers, businessmen, or consumers. By pinning the blame on all of these groups, it is President Carter who is scapegoating all of us to divert the blame from where it really belongs: on his own federal government. For the only reason that prices can continue to go up, and at ever-increasing rates, year after year, and decade after decade, is that the supply of money—of dollars—keeps going up, in roughly the same proportions over the long run. Prices have doubled in the last ten years only because the money supply has roughly doubled.

Consider what economists mean by "price." A price is simply the ratio of the money spent on a product to the amount of the product. If the price of beer is $.30 a bottle, this means that people will have to spend $1.80 for a six-pack. The determinants of price are the money spent as against the supply available. If the amount of beer increases, the price will fall; if the money spent on beer increases, the price will rise.

Prices can only keep rising *over the entire economy* if one, or both, of two things happen: Either the supply of most goods and services keeps going down year after year, or the amount of money spent on them keeps going up. Even though productivity and output would be going up much faster without the burden of government restrictions and taxes, the fact remains that overall, year after year, the production of goods and services keeps going *up*, not down. Since supply keeps rising, *none* of the blame for our chronic inflation can be laid to the door of any suppliers: businessmen, monopolies, or unions. On the contrary, despite other economic problems that may exist, the supply side has had a healthy, antiinflationary effect. The problem comes from the money side: The supply of money keeps going up, year after year. Money, the supply of dollars, is the sole culprit.

But when we look to the source of the supply of dollars,

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we find there is only one source: the federal government. In Mrs. Rosenzweig's words, the federal government "controls the printing press." The more money it prints, the more the new money filters through the economy, and the more prices go up. No one else, no other institution in society, can control that printing press; counterfeiters are pursued with great vigor by the federal government, and put away for a very long stretch. Other crimes may be crimes, but, like the crime of tax evasion, counterfeiting hits directly at the revenue of the federal government, and is therefore treated as serious business indeed.

The money-printing process these days is complex. Not only does the federal government print money directly; it also creates new bank deposits through the Federal Reserve and its manipulations of our totally government-controlled commercial banking system. The effect is the same as printing money directly, but the process, conveniently for the government, is so obscure as to be scarcely understood by the general public. Yet if Mrs. Rosenzweig is any indication, the public at long last is catching on.

Why does the government have a penchant for using the printing presses? Well, why not? Wouldn't anyone who had acquired a monopoly on such a power make use of it? Having the power to counterfeit, the federal government is able to finance its own deficits and to subsidize powerful political groups, in a seemingly painless manner. Taxes, after all, raise the hackles of the unfortunates who have to pay them, but financing deficits by printing new money—a course not legally open to state and local governments—has been a painless way for the federal government to finance itself.

President Carter, like his predecessors, is blaming inflation on everyone else. But now at last the American public is catching on. Catching on to the fact that regulation of industry creates monopolies and injures the consumer. Catching on to the idea that high taxes only serve to fill the coffers of the bureaucracy and privileged political groups. And, as in the warmly greeted query of Mrs. Rosenzweig, catching on to the fact that our Number One economic enemy, inflation, is attributable solely to the money and spending policies of the federal government. The public refuses to be duped any longer. Unlike his predecessors in the Oval Office, Jimmy Carter will not get off the hook. ❑

The treaty's heavy price

Mideast maelstrom

NOW THAT AMERICA'S CHIEF MILItary strongman in the Middle East, the shah of Iran, has fallen from power, President Carter has become more determined than ever to foster an informal military alliance among the anti-Soviet states in the region and has made the United States the guarantor of peace between Egypt and Israel. All this, White House officials frankly acknowledge, is an effort to salvage American influence in the postshah era.

Though surrounded with gala ceremonials and much trumpeting of significance, the newly signed Egyptian-Israeli treaty is little more than a gloss on the Camp David accords. It has the same fundamental weakness of those accords: namely, as the *Christian Science Monitor* pointed out on March 7 in a survey of Arab attitudes toward the peace negotiations, that the Arabs since 1948 have seen Israel as the thief of Palestinian lands—and the Camp David framework neither returns those lands nor recognizes the right of Palestinian self-determination.

What do the Israelis mean by autonomy for the West Bank and Gaza? In February, a committee of high Israeli government officials recommended that the Israeli occupation regime remain the source of authority in the autonomous regions. Israel would retain control over internal

security, water rights, customs duties and other indirect taxes, and the issuance of identity papers. Land technically owned by the state (one-fifth of the West Bank) would remain at the disposal of Israeli authorities and be open to Israeli settlements. Some autonomy.

Furthermore, during the March 20–21 Knesset debate, Prime Minister Begin reiterated his triple rejection of moderate Arab hopes for the shape of peace: no political independence for the Palestinians, no Israeli withdrawal from Arab Jerusalem, and no Israeli withdrawal to the 1967 borders. Some peace.

While the contents of the new treaty are hardly new, we now know what the price tag is. Congressmen who had blithely talked about how cheap the treaty was are discovering to their amazement that the tax revolt isn't over yet. In a flood of mail their constituents are objecting to the additional $5 billion that the United States is committed to providing to Egypt and Israel over the next three years. In reality, this is simply an extension of the $15 billion that the United States has been giving to Israel and its neighbors since 1975 in an effort to purchase a peace to the American government's liking. But the American public is beginning to wise up about the costs.

Together with continued U.S. spy flights over the Sinai, naval visits to Haifa, and a guaranteed fifteen-year supply of oil to Israel, has come an increasingly formalized military alliance with Israel and an offer to enter into similar relations with Egypt. The new U.S.–Israeli memorandum of assurances contains language and formulas right out of standard treaties of military alliance. And it reaffirms all past assurances including Kissinger's secret 1975 memo that linked the partial Sinai withdrawal to a military alliance in everything but name.

Americans are being drawn farther into the maelstrom of Middle East politics. A treaty that resolves none of the fundamental issues is a recipe for a future war, and America's intimate involvement now makes it a likely participant in that future bloodbath. ❑

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LETTERS

Letters to the editor should be addressed to INQUIRY Magazine, 1700 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94111. The editors reserve the right to edit letters for length when necessary.

Surprise attack

IN YOUR ARTICLE ENTITLED "Citizens versus the MX" [*INQUIRY*, March 5, 1979] you mentioned the outrage of farmers over having only two weeks to comment on the MX missile project once they found out about it. Well, it's happened again. In February the air force distributed the "Air Mobile Option of the MX" for review by state and certain local governments. This review period was "regrettably" compressed to twenty-five days. Upon receipt of the document the reviewers found a note requesting that comments be returned by March 12. In most cases that gave reviewers less than twenty days to provide input on a 300-page document that requires a substantial knowledge of the initial six-volume MX Environmental Impact Statement in order to understand the concept. This just goes to show that the element of surprise is alive and well in the military arsenal.

PAUL DEGAETA
Topeka, Kan.

Alaska land grab

SOMETIMES YOUR MAGAZINE is most delightful and enlightening to read; other times it is exasperating, especially when you display either malice toward or ignorance of the environmental movement and what it is trying to do.

Your recent article on Alaska [*INQUIRY*, Mar. 19, 1979] by a staff member of the *Anchorage News*—a paper well known for supporting development—is a case in point. The article is a plea for untrammeled greed and exploitation, under the guise of "home rule," and the casual reader not familiar with the attempted land grab going on up there may well fall for this lie, especially those who, myself included, have great sympathy for the concept of local control, states' rights, and libertarianism.

But Suzan Nightingale's article is devious in a much more serious way. While it portrays the "outsiders" (eco-freaks from the lower forty-eight states) as depriving freedom-loving homesteaders and "real" Alaskans, nowhere does it even mention just who is *really* doing the exploiting of the state's resources, wildlife, and environment: namely the energy and mineral corporations, none of which has any loyalty to or affection for what makes Alaska so extraordinarily precious. That a magazine like yours should print what is a thinly disguised attempt to shift the blame from the greed and short-sightedness of private corporations—whose loyalty is not to national energy sufficiency or Alaskans or the environment but to their stockholders—gives the lie to everything that you purport to stand for.

LORNA SALZMAN
Friends of the Earth
New York, N.Y.

Abortion law

K. MULHAUSER AND J. Beals's "The campaign against abortion" [*INQUIRY*, Feb. 5, 1979] asserts as to the Akron ordinance regulating abortion clinics: "By defining the embryo as an unborn child from the moment a human egg is fertilized, the ordinance contradicts—among others—the Supreme Court, which has stated, to the contrary, that 'the unborn have never been recognized in the law as persons in the whole sense.'" But this report that the Supreme Court "has stated" that a pregnant mother's offspring is not an "unborn child" is false.

The passage Mulhauser and Beals quote has in truth nothing to do with "defining the embryo as an 'unborn child.'" Instead it discusses "persons," a legal term including partnerships, counties, corporations, etc. The standard *Black's Law Dictionary* defines: "A person is such, not because he is human, but because rights and duties are ascribed to him." Read the Mulhauser-Beals quotation in context:

> [U]nborn children have been recognized as acquiring *rights or interests* by way of inheritance or other devolution of property, and have been represented by guardians ad litem. *Perfection of the interests involved*, again, has generally been contingent upon live birth. In short, the unborn have never been recognized in the law as persons in the whole sense. (Emphasis added.)

Misrepresentations like Mulhauser and Beals's might be excusable if innocently propounded by laypeople unfamiliar with right-to-life issues. When presented in a journal's law section by the executive director and the director of public information of the National Abortion Rights Action League, they are a disgrace.

GEORGE STEVEN SWAN
Toronto, Ontario

KAREN MULHAUSER replies: Mr. Swan's letter offers the opportunity to explain further the issues that were considered by the Supreme Court when it ruled in 1973 that restrictive state abortion laws were unconstitutional.

In its long and well-documented ruling, the Supreme Court traced the history of abortion laws from the time of the Persian empire and Greek and Roman eras—when abortion was practiced under the common-law tradition that allowed abortions performed before "quickening" (sixteen to eighteen weeks)—through the first criminal abortion statute in England in 1803 and the first American abortion law of 1821. The court made clear that the early U.S. laws were drafted to protect the life of the woman—abortions were extremely dangerous in the era before antisepsis. Acknowledging that there are numerous medical, philosophical, and theological views on when life begins, the Court stated that "there has always been strong support for the view that life does not begin until live birth"; and that "in areas other than criminal abortion the law has been reluctant to endorse any theory that life, as we recognize it, begins before live birth or to accord legal rights to the unborn except in narrowly defined situations, and except when the rights are contingent on live birth."

Roe *v.* Wade *includes an excellent outline which unquestionably provides a defensible context for the statement that "the unborn have never been recognized in the law as persons in the whole sense."*

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PHIL STANFORD

Singing the balanced-budget blues

CONSIDERING THE OVERwhelming public sentiment in favor of a balance-the-budget amendment, why hasn't Congress rushed to support it? According to the polls, about three-quarters of the people in this country want a constitutional amendment that would require a balanced federal budget. A poll sponsored jointly by the Associated Press and NBC shows 70 percent in favor. The *New York Times*–CBS poll has it at 73 percent, and Gallup's two polls show 78 and 81 percent.

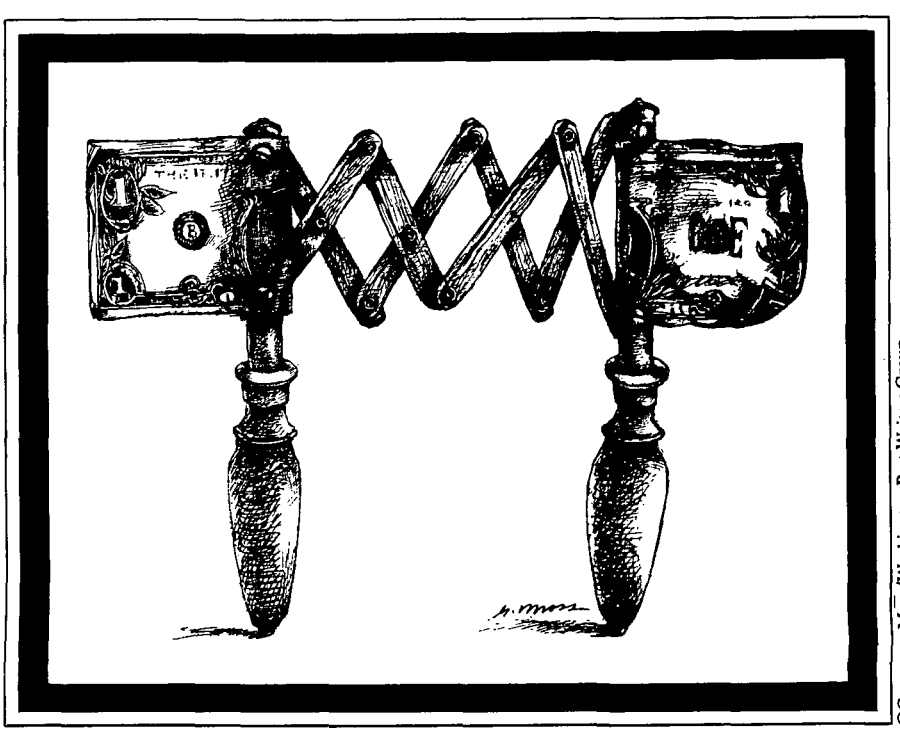
About the only other time in recent memory when there has been such a clear consensus on any political issue was a few years ago when the Senate Committee on Government Operations commissioned a poll to test the public's confidence in its elected officials. Seventy percent of those surveyed declared they had little or no confidence in the U.S. Senate, 71 percent had a similarly low opinion of the House of Representatives, and garbage men got a higher approval rating than any group of public officials. The upshot of that one, you may recall, was that several public officials held press conferences and warned the citizenry that they'd better shape up.

The spectacle of Congress attempting to cope with anything more consequential than the Easter recess is never very edifying. Congressmen did not become congressmen by taking courageous stands. They all know that if they want to be reelected they can't afford to offend too many voters. If an issue is particularly controversial, a successful politician will stall as long as possible, in hopes that it will go away. If the issue absolutely refuses to disappear, the next step is to stake out as much territory as possible on both sides of it. This often helps to confuse matters and makes the prospect of actually voting for or against a controversial measure a bit less terrifying.

You would think, however, that the balance-the-budget amendment wouldn't fit this pattern. The mandate is unmistakeable: People want the government to stop spending so damn much money. They have even made it easy for Congress by initiating the action at the state level. By the time this edition goes to the printer, it is likely that thirty state legislatures will have voted for a constitutional convention. Once thirty-four states, the two-thirds required by the Constitution, have done so, all Congress has to do is call the convention. It all seems easy and painless. But true to form, Congress, or at least a significant part of it, is currently engaged in trying to delay, divert, and, one way or another, defeat the amendment.

Senator Alan Cranston, the majority whip, has raised the possibility that Congress may be picky about which petitions it accepts from the states. This is a possibility because the Constitution does not spell out exactly what the petitions should say or how the legislatures should approve them. Senator Gary Hart has proposed a new system of bookkeeping. Under Hart's proposal, the federal budget would be divided into operating expenses and capital investments, and capital investments wouldn't count as part of the budget. According to Hart, $115 billion, about one-fifth of the current budget, would fall into the latter category. His list of these "long-term capital investments" is enlightening: It includes $44 billion for new weapons; $24 billion for highways, mass transit, pollution control facilities, hospitals, and "other physical assets"; $15 billion for research and development; $21 billion for education and training; and $4 billion for loans. Whatever you may think about the merits of Hart's proposal, you must admit that the concept—of eliminating the annual budget deficit without spending less or taxing more—has a certain strange beauty.

Some of the opponents of the amendment simply resort to threats and dire predictions. Senator Edmund Muskie, chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, has threatened states with the loss of revenue sharing funds if the balance-the-budget amendment goes through. Senator Edward Kennedy has warned that a constitutional convention called to vote on the budget amendment might get out of hand and end up "dismantling" the Constitu-



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tion. (This certainly does not mean, however, that Kennedy is supporting a constitutional convention that would tend strictly to business.)

Nor are liberals the only ones opposing the balanced-budget amendment. An alternative amendment drawn up by the economist Milton Friedman and supported by a number of conservatives in Congress would permit increases in the current level of federal spending whenever the GNP rises. It is safe to say that this is not exactly what the tax revolt is all about. Another proposal for a constitutional amendment, introduced by Representative (and Presidential candidate) Philip R. Crane, makes this even clearer. Crane's amendment, as he describes it, is written with "the purpose of stabilizing and maintaining federal spending at its current level relative to national income." Specifically, the government each year would be allowed to spend one-third of the total national income. Crane calls his plan for keeping things the way they are "a realistic approach to tax control."

*HOWEVER, THE FAVOR*ite argument of those who oppose an amendment to balance the budget—from Representative John Brademas to Senator John Stennis—is that such an amendment would prevent Congress from doing its usual good job of managing the economy. Senator Muskie says that a balance-the-budget amendment would place "fiscal handcuffs" on Congress. In a recent speech, he put it this way: "Economists of every respected school agree that increased federal spending or tax cuts producing a deficit may well be the only way to boost employment, generate investment, stimulate demand, accumulate capital, and prevent a downturn from deepening into a depression. A mandated balance would blunt our sharpest fiscal tool."

The argument has a nice ring to it. It seems to raise the debate above the level of mere politics into the realm of economic science. As Muskie speaks we can almost see the little men in laboratory smocks, with benevolent smiles on their faces, fine-tuning the economy. A little off here, a little more there—and all for our own good. However, the argument loses some of its appeal once you realize that Congress has voted budget deficits for seventeen of the past eighteen years, rain or shine, boom or bust. In other words, we get deficits whether the economy needs stimulating or not.

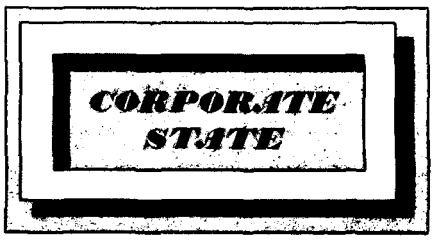
What Muskie really meant to say—and undoubtedly would have said if only he had been able to find the right words—is that he doesn't want anyone interfering with his senatorial privilege to spend virtually unlimited amounts of money on whatever he pleases. Of course, he represents it as a public service, but there's no reason to take him seriously.

This, then, is the key to understanding why Congress has been so strangely reluctant to respond to the demand for a balanced budget. Most of the congressmen are in a bind. On one hand there is the undeniable sentiment in favor of cutting federal spending and balancing the budget. On the other hand is the irreducible fact that they can't accede to this demand without giving up one of their most treasured prerogatives.

The phrase used to be "tax-tax-spend-spend-elect-elect," and to a great extent it still applies. Contracts and jobs for local businesses and unions, subsidies for special interests—they all mean votes. Traditionally, conservatives in Congress have had a great time blaming Congress's free-spending practices on liberals. But the truth is that just about everyone in Congress likes to tax-tax-spend-spend-elect-elect. Depending on the politics of the public servant in question, the pay-off for votes may be cloaked in the rhetoric of compassion or in the jargon of national security, but in the end it all comes out of the same pocket.

The only difference today is that politicians have discovered that they can get away with spend-spending without tax-taxing. As Jim Davidson of the National Taxpayers Union explains it, this extension of the old formula is a "matter of pure logic." Deficit spending improves their chances for reelection. "It enables them to make the benefits of increased spending immediately evident to special constituencies while disguising the costs in the form of borrowing and inflation, which are diffused over large numbers of the rest of society."

Senator Muskie asks us not to handcuff Congress. In view of the fact that the felony rate for the last session of Congress was higher than among Detroit's hardcore unemployed, his figure of speech is rather poignant. Handcuff Congress? Dearie me, no. But at least don't release them on their own recognizance. ❏



NICHOLAS BURNETT

How the small saver gets screwed

INFLATION IS FINALLY alerting politicians to what every holder of a passbook savings account has known for years: Federal ceilings on interest rates screw the small saver. In the White House and on Capitol Hill, moves are afoot to hasten the demise of banking regulations that limit the interest paid on various types of savings accounts. But powerful forces, including the savings and loan associations that benefit most from these regulations, have already begun to mount a counteroffensive, and a major battle is shaping up in Washington over the small saver's right to get the full market return on his savings.

At issue in the battle is Regulation Q, the Federal Reserve's ordinance for setting interest ceilings for savings accounts. Not only does Regulation Q give the Fed and other financial regulatory agencies the power to set ceilings, it also obliges them to favor the savings and loan institutions in the administration of those ceilings. That is why the interest rate on a passbook savings account is 5¼ percent at a savings and loan but only 5 percent at a commercial bank.

As suppliers of most of the nation's housing finance, the associations maintain that this interest differential is essential if they are to attract adequate funds to extend long-term mortgages. Thus they command powerful support from the housing industry, particularly the construction unions. This alliance lobbied against and blocked congressional moves to eliminate Regulation

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Q in 1975, and it is now forming again.

The present authority for Regulation Q does not expire until December 1980. Yet the regulation is already coming under attack by the administration and Congress:

■ For more than a year an administration task force has been looking into deposit-rate ceilings. It has yet to report its findings, but indications are that it will recommend substantially less regulation, if not the actual elimination of Regulation Q. Most members of the task force and the President's economic advisers are known to think this way. Not surprisingly, however, there is deep opposition within the government from the Department of Housing and Urban Development.

■ In March, when they issued profit guidelines for banks, Alfred Kahn, chairman of the Council on Wage and Price Stability, and Barry Bosworth, director, recommended that "public policy ought to work toward the ultimate abolition of Regulation Q and similar restrictions on deposit rates."

■ The chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, G. William Miller, testified before the congressional Joint Economic Committee in January that, while there was a problem in timing its elimination, Regulation Q "has outlived its usefulness."

■ Some banking deregulation has already occurred: While checking accounts cannot earn interest, one of the last acts of the 95th Congress was to allow the automatic transfer of funds from savings to checking accounts, a roundabout way of paying interest on the latter. Also, last year the financial agencies authorized banks to pay interest on six-month "money market certificates" at the Treasury-bill rate, which fluctuates each week. Savings and loan institutions were permitted to pay ¼ percent higher. Both Senator William Proxmire, chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, and Senator Alan Cranston have introduced resolutions to reduce from $10,000 to $1,000 the minimum deposit for the new money-market certificates. Senate committee hearings are now being held on these resolutions.

To head off deregulation, savings institutions have been promoting measures that would give tax breaks to savers. According to Michael Stevenson, president of the Savings and Loan Foundation—whose lobbying organization has been running large advertisements in major newspapers to promote tax breaks—twenty-two such bills were introduced in Congress during the last two weeks of February. Under these measures, savers would be allowed to exempt specified amounts of interest income from federal taxation; the exemptions range from $100 all the way to $1000. Although Stevenson denies it, congressional aides are sure that this campaign is an attempt by the savings and loan institutions to deflect the mounting pressure against Regulation Q.

While the abolition of Regulation Q requires congressional action, there is nothing to stop the administration from increasing immediately the interest paid on small savings accounts. The ceilings are set by a coordinating committee made up of a treasury undersecretary, the comptroller of the currency, and the chairmen of the Federal Reserve, Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, and Federal Home Loan Bank Board. (As with most financial agencies, this committee meets in private and its minutes are not available to the public.) The law grants it the authority to set ceilings, but nothing in the law requires specific ceilings, or mandates that small savers should receive relatively low rates of interest.

*IT'S CERTAINLY TIME SOME*thing was done for the small saver. Most people have some savings: It's only sensible. A person might lose his job or have to pay an unexpected medical bill. Maybe he's trying to put together enough to make a down payment on a house or take a vacation. Whatever his reason, the typical saver hasn't got a lot put away —a few thousand dollars at the very most, and almost certainly in a passbook account.

Yet the sensible saver with a passbook savings account at a commercial bank in 1978 received a real return of *minus* 4 percent.

You never see that figure in bank advertising but it's easy to calculate. Since July 1973, the regulatory agencies have limited the return on passbook accounts at banks to 5 percent (5¼ percent at S&Ls). The inflation rate in 1978 was 9 percent and shows little sign of abating. Net return on the account: minus 4 percent, or perhaps minus 3¾ percent if it was in a savings and loan institution. These are generous estimates. Some banks, particularly those outside the big cities, don't even pay the maximum 5 percent that federal regulations allow. Then, of course, all the interest earned is subject to income tax. So, after taxes, after inflation, and after the effects of federal regulation, the small saver—meaning most of us—did quite well in 1978 if he made as much as minus 4 percent.

A small saver can make more if he is willing to tie up his money for a long time. In Washington, D.C., for example, one savings and loan institution offers 7½ percent if the saver buys a certificate with a minimum deposit of $1000 and holds it for four years; it also offers 8 percent on an eight-year certificate. These are the legal maximums for deposits of these maturities. The trouble is, most savers want to be able to get their money at rather short notice; who knows when that calamity will occur? It is possible to cash these four- and eight-year certificates early, but as the notice at the bank says, "federal regulations require a substantial interest penalty if certificates are withdrawn prior to maturity."

There's worse yet. Interest ceilings used to apply to all accounts, no matter how large. In May 1973, however, the Federal Reserve removed the ceiling on commercial-bank deposits of over $100,000. It was a move, says Martin Mayer in his book *The Bankers*, "that drew no public criticism whatever and is still for some reason held beyond criticism by the consumer movement. . . . The fat cats, in other words, can get the market rate of interest for their savings, but ordinary people are supposed to make do with what the government says is good for them."

The pattern of interest-rate ceilings clearly favors those who have large amounts to deposit or can put their money away for a number of years. This is not entirely unreasonable—banks' administrative costs are lower for, say, one deposit of $300,000 than for 300 of $1,000. What is unfair is not that there is a difference between the returns, but that the difference is so great, and that the small saver never gets a crack at the highest interest rates the market offers.

Commercial bankers, with their eyes on the deposits of the savings institutions, have called for the removal of the differential and, indeed, for the elimination of all ceilings. So long as ceilings do exist, however, they are not keen on having them raised—that would cut into their profits.

Small savers, unlike banks and almost everybody else, have no lobby.

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They are not organized. And they are viewed with astonishing paternalism, even by those sympathetic to their plight. Almost without exception, money men assume that the small saver is neither sophisticated enough to take advantage of higher market-interest rates nor eager to squeeze out the highest return on his money. There is, of course, a grain of truth in this. Unlike the corporation treasurer, the small saver is not going to move his money around every day or week just to get a higher interest rate—the inconvenience would more than offset any extra income. But there is plenty of evidence that he would like to make more on his savings, if given straightforward opportunities.

Consider first the expansion of credit unions during the 1970s. They are regulated like banks and savings and loan institutions but they are permitted to pay a higher interest rate on savings accounts: up to a maximum of 7 percent at present. As nonprofit organizations, credit unions can afford to pay higher returns to their member depositors. They don't yet have a large proportion of total deposits, but they are the fastest growing type of savings institution.

Second, recall the "Wild Card" accounts that flourished briefly in 1973. In July of that year, commercial banks were given permission to pay whatever interest they wanted on four-year accounts with minimum deposits of $1000. Many set high rates. Citibank, for example, offered only half a percent less than the prime rate, the rate that banks charge their most creditworthy borrowers for loans. Deposits were withdrawn from savings and loan institutions and from other accounts at commercial banks and put into the new Wild Card accounts. Finding themselves without adequate funds for mortgage loans, the savings and loan institutions and the housing industry successfully pressured Congress into limiting the interest that banks could pay on the four-year accounts. The Wild Card experiment lasted only five months, but it showed that many small savers were prepared to lock up their money for as long as four years if they could get a higher interest rate. Small savers are quite sophisticated enough, it is clear, to take advantage of the chance to make a decent return on their money. But only the large depositors get that chance today.

It is not just big depositors who do well out of the present structure of rate ceilings. So do the banks and savings and loan associations that lend the money deposited with them to customers for the purchase of cars and homes. The rates these institutions can charge have been rising steadily and in recent months have run up against usury ceilings in many states. (It is a curious feature of banking regulation that the federal government controls the interest paid to depositors; and the states, that paid by borrowers.) And what has happened? States have simply changed their laws and raised usury ceilings. In February, for example, Maryland removed its limit of 10 percent and no longer restricts borrowing rates. A few states, like Pennsylvania, have resisted this trend. In general, however, it's easy to raise the ceilings on rates on loans; almost unthinkable on deposits.

Not surprisingly, the effect of holding down the interest paid to savers, while increasing that charged to borrowers, is an increase in the earnings of the banks and savings and loan institutions. In 1977, the last full year for which data are available, savings and loan institutions that were insured by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation obtained funds at an average cost of 6.44 percent. Yet they made 8.21 percent on the mortgages they issued, creating a "spread," or difference between these rates, of 1.77 percent, up from 1.57 in 1976, and 1.34 in 1975. The spread for the first half of 1978 was even greater, 1.85 percent, although savings and loan institutions have subsequently been squeezed by the high interest rates they must pay on money-market certificates. Comparable data for commercial banks aren't available, but there is every reason to think that their spread has also increased. The greater the spread, of course, the greater the institution's profits.

Deposit-rate ceilings are thus biased in favor of the rich and in favor of the banks and savings and loan institutions. As with so many government regulations that were introduced in the 1930s, the original rationale for ceilings is no longer relevant. It is now widely recognized that, far from protecting savers, Regulation Q limits the interest they can earn. The small saver is clearly going to get some help in the next few months. Yet what he most needs is a chance to earn the same rates the wealthy now enjoy. The way things are shaping up in Congress, he may not get it.

POLITICS

JEFF STEIN

Poisoning SALT

WHEN SENATOR HENRY Jackson (D-Wash.) told a Houston audience on March 9 that he might not vote for SALT II because the loss of top-secret U.S. monitoring stations in Iran crippled the ability to verify Soviet compliance with the pact, he struck a blow at the soft underbelly of the negotiations. A poll published in *Public Opinion* magazine, for example, had shown that the major factor in a citizen's decision on whether or not to support SALT II was whether or not he or she trusted the government "to negotiate and *enforce* a treaty in the best interests of the U.S." (Emphasis added.) This recognition of the crucial role of verification to the success of the treaty led Carter last year to publicly admit, for the first time, the existence of U.S. spy satellites.

An administration official replied to Jackson in the *Washington Post*, charging that the senator's assertions were "premature and alarmist." As the President himself had said, there were many other methods of verification.

But over the past six months, a flood of espionage cases, books, and articles, often with sensitive, inside information (the release of which does not seem to trouble the Justice Department), has undermined such assurances, particularly in regard to the value of U. S. spy satellite systems. These disclosures come at a time when public opinion on foreign policy issues has become confused by right-wing charges that the Soviet Union has taken advantage of Carter's indecisiveness to make gains throughout Asia and Africa. The atmosphere is ripe for a new round of scapegoating. Are hidden scriptwriters at work, fashioning unanswerable

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charges of Soviet "moles" burrowing into the top echelons of the CIA, using those charges as blunt instruments to forge a new and aggressively anticommunist foreign policy consensus?

That would appear to be the case, and the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) appear to be the immediate target.

LAST NOVEMBER, A U. S. attorney was moved to remind the jury in the espionage case of William P. Kampiles that it was the defendant who was on trial, not the Central Intelligence Agency. Kampiles, apparently a disgruntled CIA watch officer, had been arrested in August for selling a supersecret KH-11 spy satellite manual to the KGB. Testimony during the trial established that seventeen other KH-11 manuals were missing as well, and that the FBI had been investigating the "possible compromise" of the system two and a half months before it got onto the trail of Kampiles. Questions of whether Kampiles had been the "fall guy" in a complicated KGB operation soon floated to the surface.

Michael Ledeen, executive editor of the *Washington Quarterly*, which reflects the views of its sponsor, the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Affairs, offered this view: "[T]he best-informed people in this field—including more than one former CIA director—are privately saying that the responsibility . . . may arise more from the activities of a 'mole' than from incidents related by a slim thread of chance."

One former CIA director, Richard Helms, was more explicit. According to the *Washington Post*, he said, "The Kampiles case raises the question of whether or not there has been infiltration of the U.S. intelligence community or government at a significant level."

Ledeen found a culprit. He pointed out—correctly—that the best way to protect against "moles" is to maintain strict compartmentalization of information, operations, and personnel. "Yet," he charged, "Colby eliminated much of this compartmentalization."

Ledeen's account came across as authoritative and persuasive, thanks to his apparent access to a highly sensitive account of a CIA counterintelligence operation designed to trap the alleged mole. But in fastening a gratuitous and unsubstantiated stigma on Colby's directorship of the CIA (after all, a Republican hawk, George Bush, and an admiral, Stansfield Turner, had followed Colby), Ledeen had tipped his hand as to his own sources.

"I am not a mole," Colby began to deadpan around the Washington dinner-party circuit.

On September 24, meanwhile, one John A. Paisley, an ostensibly retired senior CIA analyst of Soviet missile capabilities who had been in on developing the spy satellite, wrapped himself in weights, fired a bullet into his head, and rolled off the deck of his sloop into the chilly waters of the Chesapeake Bay. That was the official version. Evasions and half-truths by CIA spokesmen, however, provoked one reporter, Joe Trento of the *Wilmington* (Del.) *News Journal*, to speculate in print weeks later that John A. Paisley might "reappear in Moscow at this year's annual May Day parade in Red Square."

It turned out, for example, that Paisley had not exactly "retired from the agency in 1974 as deputy director of the Office of Strategic Research," as CIA spokesman Herbert E. Hetu stated. Paisley had continued to work with the CIA as a consultant, notably as coordinator of the "B Team," the experts who reviewed top secret CIA intelligence on Soviet nuclear capabilities. CIA security officers removed highly classified papers relating to the arms talks from Paisley's boat and apartment (in a building that housed several Soviet diplomats) when it was discovered he was missing. And according to one witness, the sloop had been full of sophisticated radio gear.

Remarkably, the CIA later stated that it had routinely destroyed Paisley's fingerprints in an "office reorganization" following his official retirement. Paisley's dentist said he "eyeballed" plates from a rotting, bloated corpse recovered from the Chesapeake to identify them as Paisley's. The hands were severed before cremation. His wife Maryanne Paisley never saw the body. Could Paisley have defected, Trento and others ask, taking with him vital intelligence secrets and leaving only a fake corpse behind? The Senate Intelligence Committee thought its own inquiry raised enough unanswered questions for the case to go to the Justice Department.

Perhaps it is only a coincidence, but Trento's account of the Paisley mystery, as rendered in the March issue of *Penthouse*, ultimately resurrects old questions about William Colby's handling of the CIA. John Paisley reportedly began a cruise to the Caribbean with Maryanne on their sloop soon after his retirement in 1974. On the way, they docked for a while at the Mason Marina in Wilmington, N. C., at the "same time" a KGB defector named Yuri Nosenko was there.

THE NOSENKO AFFAIR AND the feuding it provoked between Colby and the CIA's counterintelligence czar James Angleton lie at the heart of the recent wave of spy stories and "mole" theories. According to Edward Jay Epstein's book *Legend*, which relied heavily on Angleton's cooperation, Nosenko ostensibly defected from the KGB in 1964 with the story that Lee Harvey Oswald had not been a Soviet operative. Believing it was a cover story, Angleton dismissed Nosenko as a KGB "disinformation" plant. For the next four years, while Nosenko was continuously and mercilessly interrogated, CIA operatives and officials hotly debated his credibility. In 1968, without any resolution of the dispute, Nosenko was given a CIA stipend, a new identity, and a new home in North Carolina. Finally, in 1975, William Colby "rehabilitated" the Russian and brought him back to Washington. According to some reports, he is now actively handling assignments on Soviet intelligence for the CIA.

"I am not a mole," Colby began to deadpan around the capital dinner-party circuit.

A "former operations chief of the CIA's counterintelligence," writing alongside an interview with Epstein in *New York* magazine, decried Nosenko's new lease on life. "Acceptance of Nosenko," he wrote, "throws the entire perspective about Soviet intelligence out of focus. His information tells us

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things the present devotees of detente want to hear and cumulatively degrades our knowledge (and the sources of this knowledge) of Soviet intelligence capabilities, policies, and effectiveness." His conclusion: "... William Colby virtually destroyed CI [counterintelligence] in the CIA."

Angleton had reason to be bitter. Colby had fired him late in December 1974, immediately following Seymour Hersh's exposé of CIA domestic spying programs in the *New York Times*. As counterintelligence chief, Angleton had been in charge of the mail cover and surveillance programs; thus, his responsibility for them and his firing were linked publicly. Close observers soon learned otherwise: that Angleton's removal had more to do with fundamental policy disputes with Colby.

Angleton believed that the agency was being wrecked from within by Soviet spies.

Suspicious of détente as a gargantuan Soviet plot, and convinced that the antiwar movement was directed from Moscow, Angleton was among the most recalcitrant of Cold Warriors. Inside the agency, Russian defectors were but shadows in his special, subterranean world; nothing could be what it initially seemed to be.

When he became CIA director in 1973, Colby pressed for a more open, risk-taking intelligence service, but Angleton dug in his heels. By the time he was fired, Angleton believed Western defenses were about to be stripped. When Colby delivered the "family jewels"—the internal secrets of CIA crimes—to the Church committee and the Rockefeller commission, Angleton was convinced that the agency was being wrecked from within.

FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS, Angleton's prints have been all over a series of published attacks on Colby as well as on interpretations of a recent series of dramatic espionage cases. In normal times, a private feud between two retired CIA officials, each relying on indirection and leaks, would seem to amount to hardly more than an arcane, if titillating, bureaucratic struggle. But in the context of the Kampiles and Paisley cases, unresolved charges of KGB infiltration of America's intelligence community lend ammunition to critics of détente.

From all indications, verification of Russian capabilities will be the focal point for the right-wing attack on SALT in the Senate. Henry Jackson's speech is just a harbinger. The Carter administration, when push comes to shove, will have to somehow "prove" that it can effectively monitor Soviet performance.

And this is exactly why the continuing series of spy stories and "mole wars" can so effectively undermine public support of U.S. arms reductions in particular and détente in general. Why is it, after all, that *New York* magazine, usually devoted to the latest wrinkle in disco dining, has become the arena for what would seem to be a public laundering of ultrasensitive charges about Russian spies in the government? Was this the 1978 version of Joe McCarthy's bombshell in Wheeling, West Virginia?

The attacks are likely to be troublesome for the Carter administration. No sensible CIA director will unequivocally report that there is *no* KGB penetration of the CIA. Likewise, the Carter administration will be hard pressed to present a detailed defense of its spy satellite systems without risking compromise of real secrets.

Wisconsin Democrat Les Aspin, chairman of the House Intelligence Committee's subcommittee on oversight, notes that "charges that the Russians will seek to evade [SALT II's] provisions are beginning to be heard." But in a comprehensive article in the February *Scientific American*, Aspin challenges the doomsayers on the alleged KH-11 compromise:

"... The introduction of a new strategic weapon involves at least five stages: research, development, testing, production and deployment. . . .

"Consider the ways in which the U. S. is currently able to monitor just one of these stages: the testing of strategic launchers. U. S. line-of-sight radars can identify the distinctive 'signature' of reflected microwaves associated with each major type of Russian missile. In addition, over-the-horizon radars can penetrate deep into the interior of the USSR and recognize the characteristic pattern each type of missile makes when it disturbs the earth's ionosphere. Early warning satellites, originally designed to detect a Russian ICBM attack, can also serve to monitor missile tests: the infrared sensors on the satellites can identify the rocket-exhaust plume of a missile as it is being test-fired. Finally, the U. S. has a complex array of sensors, including assorted photographic gear, on ships and planes that routinely monitor missile-test impact areas on the periphery of the USSR and in the Pacific. . . .

"In short," Aspin says, "the 'national technical means' of surveillance available to this country for observing Russian missile tests are multiple, redundant and complementary. . . . They are, in fact, far more reliable than most human intelligence gathering (that is, spying), which may yield second hand, dated information, or even false, planted information."

BUT STATE DEPARTMENT public opinion analyst Bernard Roshco laments, "The devil has the best songs and the antiarms controllers have the best oversimplifications. I'm afraid that when it comes down to the Senate, the decision will not be on the actual details of the agreement, but on the trustworthiness of the Soviet Union or the current state of U.S.–Soviet relations."

What better way to keep relations between the contending superpowers off balance than stirring up public hysteria over an alleged "mole"?

Not far up the road from where Chain Bridge reaches across the Potomac River from Washington into northern Virginia is the modest home of James Angleton. At one end of the living room is a bookshelf that holds several rows of volumes on the art of trout fishing.

Pulling down a favorite book, on a summer evening almost two years ago, the retired spy-catcher remarked how unimportant it is, after all, to take one from the water.

"It doesn't matter whether you hook him," he explained. "It only matters, when he takes the line, even if he later drops it, that you've beaten him. And he knows he's beaten.

"That's the whole point of the game." ❏

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When electronic warfare specialists consort with Pentagon brass at the annual Old Crows' gathering, all rules go out the window.

THE COLD WAR COMES TO LAS VEGAS

BY CHRISTOPHER PAINE & JOHN MARKOFF

*IT IS WELL PAST MIDNIGHT ON THE FIF*teenth floor of the Las Vegas Hilton Hotel. Package-plan tourists and leisure-suited conventioneers wander in and out of the casinos, mingling for a time with the real denizens of Vegas, that seemingly sleepless army of professional gamblers, croupiers, musicians, showgirls, cocktail waitresses, cashiers, chefs, and chambermaids who keep the windowless palaces of chance churning twenty-four hours a day.

Up here it's a different world. From somewhere along the plush carpeted corridor, distant sounds of late night partying echo softly above the gentle hum of the air conditioning. Air Force Colonel Tony Brees is sharing one last drink with a friend before turning in for the night. We have met the colonel before and he smiles a warm greeting.

"Westinghouse is just down the hall," he says, pointing us in the right direction. "You'll find a bunch of drunken folks in there saying a lot of BS to each other. Enjoy yourselves, it's a good show!"

Colonel Brees is right. It turns out to be a very good show. Down that hall a small army of military brass and civilian electronic warfare company executives and specialists are mixing business with pleasure. Pleasure is clearly winning out for the time being, but their business—how to win the next war—is serious indeed.

Here are gathered engineers and fighter pilots, military men and marketing men, university professors and spies; all members of an obscure but powerful fraternity known as the Association of Old Crows. The Crows' common purpose in life is the advancement of electronic warfare (EW), an arcane but increasingly important facet of modern warfare aimed at "jamming" enemy radars and communication systems. Officially sanctioned by the Department of Defense, the Crows' annual convention in Las Vegas breathes fresh new meaning into Dwight Eisenhower's old saw about the military-industrial complex.

There are Moose and Lions and Elks, so why not Crows? Indeed, by fraternal standards the name is not exceptional, except, perhaps for its origins. Dan Graves, a cigar-chomping air force civilian who is the Crows' biggest booster, explains, "The British officer engaged in jamming the enemy during World War II was called the Raven [after the wartime code name for the project]. We Americans not only improve on everything we do, we give it a better name; so when we started dropping chaff [strips of aluminum used to confuse enemy radar] and jamming, we didn't call our guy the Raven; he became a Crow, right? Well, the guys who used to drop chaff out of windows got older and older, didn't they?" Hence, the Old Crows.

"During the Korean War, we got back into the Crow business," recalls Mel Marcus, a founding member and current director of the association who markets EW devices for an obscure company called Frequency Sources, Inc. It wasn't easy being a Crow in those days, says Marcus. "Crows were the type of people who would say, 'Hey, Mr. Pilot, would you leave a five-hundred-pound bomb home so we can put a piece of electronic gear in there.' We'd talk our way on to that airplane. And it got to the point where, if you were a Crow, and people knew it, they wouldn't even stand at a bar and drink with you. Since we couldn't associate with anybody else, we had to associate with each other."

Reaching into his pocket, Marcus digs out his founding member's medallion, a gold coin about the size of a fifty-cent piece embossed on one side with the association's logo—a manic, Hekyll-and-Jekyll-like Crow with thunderbolts shooting from his talons. "In those days," he recalls, "the Crows were a very loose-jointed federation of people in the electronic warfare field."

Willie Crawford, a folksy southerner who is the Old Crows' man on Capitol Hill, joins the conversation to explain how this informal network of specialists grew into a full-blown military-industrial lobby. "There were fourteen guys who founded the Association of Old Crows. I was one of them. We used to have lunch around town [Washington, D.C.] and we decided that we would have a get-together. In the fall of 1964 we made reservations at the Shoreham Hotel for seventy-five people, and five hundred showed up. That was the first meeting that the Crows had,

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and it went on from there."

As it happened, "on from there" meant the war in Indochina and the initiation of bombing strikes against North Vietnam. "In Vietnam we had to learn our story all over again," says Dr. Tom Curry, a longtime Crow from the Office of Defense Research and Engineering at the Pentagon. "We went into 'Nam without any special boxes on our aircraft, or very few. Our losses began to mount, because the North Vietnamese were equipped with surface-to-air radar-guided missiles. . . . Immediately they came to the Crows and said, 'fix this.' In industry we call this a blood sale."

Eventually, Curry claims, the Crows were able to bring the air force losses in Vietnam down to about one percent, low enough so that America could continue carrying on the air war.

Vietnam has taught the military a lesson: Modern warfare is electronic warfare, and as a result, electronic warfare has become big business. "Right now," says Mel Marcus, "the identifiable portion of the EW market in the DOD budget is probably about $2 billion. There's probably another $2 billion which is unidentifiable because it's part of other weapons systems." Older Crows are "primarily radar or radio communications oriented," he explains, "but electronic warfare has grown and encompasses optical countermeasures [devices to deceive TV-guided missiles], infrared countermeasures [against heat-seeking missiles], lasers, and communications at the low end of the frequency spectrum."

> "The Cordivae are probably the most intelligent birds in the world. Someone has predicted that when man, through his ingenuity, has finally destroyed his neighbors and himself too, there will still be Crows. No birds are more persecuted than they, yet there are more Crows today than ever. These big black birds have the wits needed to survive."
>
> ROGER TORY PETERSON

The Crows contend they owe their current prosperity to the Soviet Union. "The Russians write our requirements," says Colonel Brees, the affable president of the Crows. "When they field a new defensive system on the ground or in the air or on a ship, if we're going to operate in that environment we have got to either neutralize it or deny them some access to their information. We did it over North Vietnam against Russian airplanes and missile sites, head to head, and then we forgot about it for a while. Now we're back into the business with our NATO allies—how to kill that defensive environment in the Warsaw Pact."

The Korat Crows Club in Thailand and the TanSon Nhut "O" Club in Saigon are gone now, but the Crow is a notoriously adaptable species. A sudden resurgence of The Threat in Europe has brought them flocking to the "Red Baron's Roost" in Bonn and the "De Ooievaar Club" in The Hague. Their "theater of operations" may have changed, and their organization is certainly larger than it was a decade ago, but everything else about the Crows remains familiar.

Appropriately enough, at their latest top-secret technical symposium—the heart of any Old Crows' convention—the hottest topic is "The Soviet/Warsaw Pact Threat to NATO," the title of the opening-day address given by Lieutenant General Eugene Tighe, director of the Pentagon's super-sleuth Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA).

Inside the Hilton Convention Center General Tighe, a somber and impeccably dressed man, walks by after his speech and refuses to give an interview, saying only, "I'd have to clear everything I said." Following Tighe out of the briefing, an air force engineer shakes his head and says that he's just heard things about what the Soviets are doing "that would make your hair curl."

The specter of the Soviet Menace is everywhere in the Las Vegas Hilton, yet the Soviets seem to be oddly incorporeal. For the record, the Crows, who are obviously frustrated and somewhat baffled by the circumspection required by détente, won't even mention the Russians by name, referring instead to an unseen "enemy" or other "major power."

When asked to compare American and Soviet electronic warfare capabilities, Colonel Brees says in a soft southern drawl, "I'm sorry, I can't answer that directly. You've heard of General Singlaub, haven't you? Well, he got kicked in the ass for criticizing the President's policy. I'm not ready to fall on my sword." After a moment, he adds, calmly, "at least not yet."

EVERY CROW CONVENTION IS PART SECRET meeting and part military-industrial trade show. Out on the sprawling exhibit floor official caution is thrown to the wind. As visitors enter the hotel pavilion they are greeted by the *Electronic Warfare/Defense Electronics Magazine* booth. In front stands a videotape machine that continuously plays a program purporting to document the existence of a network of fifty Soviet spies on the San Francisco peninsula in what is known as Silicon Valley, the heart of the American microelectronics industry. The Soviets, according to the tape, are using elaborate microwave eavesdropping equipment, hooked to computers, to systematically listen in on key industrial phone conversations.

Elsewhere, the Soviet presence is just as strong. The electronics and space division of Emerson Electric Company, the venerable radio manufacturer, has rolled a "tactical radar threat emitter" out onto the floor. The threat emitter, which looks like a cross between a tank and a Star Wars laser cannon, is designed to imitate a variety of Russian antiaircraft radars and is used to train American air crews.

Across the hall the Fairchild Camera and Instrument booth is holding a "jam session" (jamming is the electronic warfare term for disrupting enemy communications and radar). The sound track that accompanies the slide presentation begins with rhythmic bongos and then glides smoothly into a jazz ensemble. The announcer says, "When the enemy goes on the air, you want to foul 'em up." Then suddenly, there they are again, low voices murmuring in Russian. "If he can't communicate," the announcer intones, "he can't win. You can do it all with the TLQ-17A, anytime, anywhere . . ."

The exhibit floor itself is a giant arms bazaar. More than fifty corporations have set up display booths. They range from the giants like IBM, ITT, and Westinghouse to more esoteric, smaller companies like Antekna, Cubic Corporation, and Omni Spectra. The booths themselves combine a bit of the con artist with complicated technical discussions of the latest electronic gadgetry. Gimmicks and eye-catchers are everywhere, humorous sidelights to the deadly serious business of drumming up new orders. The woman who

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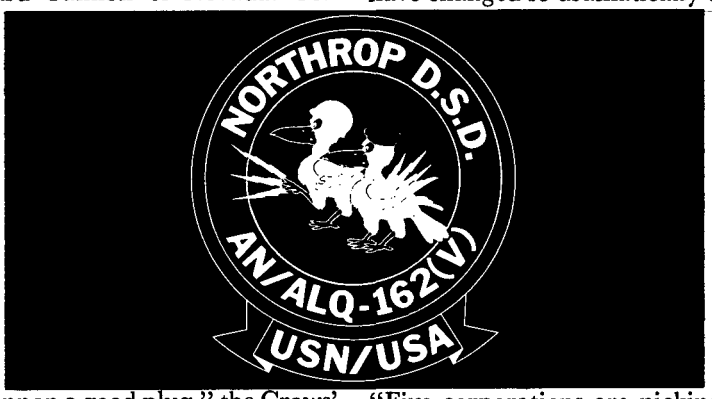
spins the Varian Wheel-of-Fortune wears a large button on her hip that says "I am a scientific device." ITT gives everyone a chance to win a Texas-size cowboy hat by piloting a ball into a hole with a joystick. And United Technologies outdoes everyone, getting into the Vegas spirit with a giant slot machine that pays off in prizes like CB radios and pocket calculators.

Electronic warfare is high technology and there is no shortage of hands-on computerized displays. Some measure your biorhythms while others allow you to interactively diagnose the ills of your EW "pod." Motorola attracts the best attendance on the floor with its space-war game, Electronic Warfare in the Twenty-first Century.

Every evening after five, when the secret symposium lets out, Crows flock to the exhibition floor to make the rounds and take advantage of the open bars on each side of the giant hall. The estimates are that thirty-five hundred Crows are here in Las Vegas, a record turnout.

In the Crown Room, high atop the Las Vegas Hilton, the mood is festive. A dance trio plays loudly in one corner of the room while waiters stack two huge tables with trays of hors d'oeuvres. Twenty-five stories below, the casino marquees begin to glow as evening settles on the Strip. Defense industry VIPs and military brass jam the Crown Room for a reception in honor of the Crows' best friend in Washington, Senator Howard Cannon of Nevada. Unfortunately, the senator is still back in the capital trying to salvage a piece of legislation he has introduced to subsidize the aerospace industry. Even though Cannon lets the Crows down for cocktails—he makes it just in time to deliver the keynote address at the banquet the following night—he is obviously regarded as the foremost electronic warrior in the U.S Senate. "Give Cannon a good plug," the Crows' publicity director tells a local TV reporter off camera. "He was personally responsible for allowing us to have this classified symposium in Las Vegas."



Meet Ron, a nondescript man in his late thirties with thinning brown hair combed straight across his forehead. Polishing off what must be his tenth drink of the evening, Ron smiles and sways slightly as he moves toward the impromptu bar in the bathroom for a refill. He drifts into talking about himself, slurring his words together as his story tumbles out. A Westinghouse engineer eavesdrops on our conversation long enough to ask, "Is he telling you he went out of control in his car 'cause he was hit by camel shit, is that what he's telling you?"

Ron's story does involve camels, but he wasn't in his car:

I worked for the shah of Iran. Flew RF-4s over Iraq dodging SA-6s. We used to chase camels at 200 feet. Iranian guys we flew with were chicken to go that low. . . . My counterpart was a SAVAK guy . . . I could have had a guard in my house . . . I went to work every day with a pistol in my car, half-cocked, came back the same way. . . . In my case I was staff level, a staff guy—I got to watch what I say to you—the day I reported—I'm going to hide my name tag—the Iranian general said, "You work for me, and don't worry about money. You tell me what you think we should do, and we'll do it. If you think we can't get something out of the Pentagon, tell me, and I'll go to the shah and he'll get it from the President." Those were my reporting instructions. That was day one, honest to God.

As his story unfolds, it becomes clear that Ron has only recently returned from a tour of duty as a military adviser in Iran. Congress has passed laws prohibiting such advisers from performing combat missions, advising internal security forces, and serving directly in the host government's military chain of command. But Ron says he has done all these things.

THERE ARE REGULATIONS AGAINST PEOPLE like Ron, employed by the Pentagon, enjoying the "hospitality" of defense contractors like Westinghouse, but here in Las Vegas, the rules are irrelevant. The "conflict of interest" posed by military and industry representatives drinking together is overshadowed by the *common* interest shared by everyone in the suite. When Old Crows get together, the rule book goes out the window.

The scene is a vivid reminder that the conflict of interest scandals that beset the military-industrial complex in the early seventies are already fading from public concern. This year the Old Crows have renewed their annual golf tournament, which was canceled in 1976 after the Defense Department ruled that "it would be inappropriate for defense personnel to take part in a golf tournament or similar events as guests of a private association." Things have changed so dramatically that this year an active duty air force colonel has organized the event. So much for the famous "arms-length relationship" between the military and industry.

As if to illustrate the point, a southern California corporation executive stops by to make small talk. With a little bit of prompting, the executive launches into a series of revelations about the Crows and his company. "Five corporations are picking up the tab for this reception," he says, and reels off chapter and verse of the Defense Department regulation being violated: "Section Six. B. One. Participation of DOD personnel is appropriate when the host is the association and not an individual contractor. Acceptance of gratuities or hospitality from private companies in connection with such association's activities is prohibited." The engraved invitation mentions only the Crows as host for the gala event.

But there's more. Our friend rattles off the names of some of the companies—ITT, Motorola, Litton, Westinghouse, Northrop, Kuras-Alterman—which have hospitality suites, prohibited under the regulation, at the hotel. Motorola has gone so far as to camouflage their suite as a "communications center."

Talking rapidly, he carries on about his own problem of hiding portions of his company's budget so that they can be billed to the Pentagon rather than included in company overhead. Take community relations, he says. The regulations state that the costs of community relations can be charged off to the government, so his company stuffs everything possible into that budget category. He mentions as an example their classified employment advertising, which is brought under the rubric of community relations by placing the words, "An Equal Opportunity Employer" at the bottom of each advertisement.

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Before we have a chance to digest this information, a voice asks, "Am I interrupting anything?" It is Willie Crawford, founding member, past president, national director, and Washington lobbyist for the Association of Old Crows. A short, rotund man with large jowls and a double chin, he has come a long way since his boyhood in the backwoods of Tennessee, where he plowed behind a mule until he was eighteen. "The biggest thing that ever happened to me," he confides, "was when I joined the Army. Christ! That was the easiest thing in the world. Twenty-one dollars a month to shoot some dumb ass. I could already shoot, and there were a whole lot of folks to sit around and talk to. I was an officer a year later."

Today, Willie is self-employed as a Washington lobbyist for General Electric and a number of other defense contractors. "I got the highest rank there is," he says proudly. "I'm a self-supporting private citizen." Everything he does for the Old Crows comes out of his own pocket, Willie tells us, adding that lobbying for the Crows "is just one of the responsibilities I got stuck with." To illustrate his point he whips out his checkbook and hurriedly leafs through the stubs, reading the amounts of recent contributions to Senators Barry Goldwater, John Tower, and Sam Nunn, three conservative senators who strongly support electronic warfare.

Willie admits that the Carter administration is a problem for him, mainly because early in the election campaign he chose the wrong bandwagon. "I knew his brother Billy right well," he remembers, "but I never took Jimmy seriously."

An Atlanta hostess offered to introduce him to Carter, but he recalls telling her, "Naw, honey, I'm going back to meet Jerry Ford."

"Now I represent the Crows and I got a problem," Willie admits. "My problem is in the White House and I ain't got no entree except for Billy—and he's too dumb to understand what I'm talking about."

To hear Willie tell it, there is too much "naiveté" in Washington these days. "Guys come in there saying they're going to change everything; they get diabetes and cirrhosis of the liver runnin' around to all those parties, and they're impressed. But after you've been there awhile you know there's only about fifteen or twenty people in the whole city that really amount to something. The point is getting something to them. I remember when they came there as junior senators and junior members of the House, or sometimes just administrative aides."

But Willie says he keeps his philosophizing to himself when he represents the Crows. "I kiss the rings when it's necessary and make the deals when I have to. . . . I'm just a country high-school graduate," he says. "That's all I am, but I know politics."

The Crows have faced political challenges not only in Washington, however. Although they consider themselves peacemakers, the association felt the wrath of the antiwar movement during the Vietnam War. Activists first learned of the Crows in April 1969, when Stanford University students staged a nine-day occupation of the university's Applied Electronics Laboratory (AEL). "The sit-inners rifled the office and desk of the director of Stanford's electronics laboratories, a charter member of the Association of Old Crows," *Crow Caws*, the association's magazine, complained at the time. "An Old Crow membership card, certificate, and undoubtedly issues of *Crow Caws* were taken."

AEL's research boiled down to how to destroy North Vietnamese air defenses, and this point was not lost on the students. Along with a copy of lab director William Rambo's membership certificate they printed a description of the Crows that received mass circulation under the heading, "Worse than your wildest dreams."

Lenny Siegel, a leader of Stanford SDS at the time, remembers the students' reaction, "They were flabbergasted that Stanford professors, people whose interest in electronics was supposedly academic, were part of a fraternity of men dedicated to electronic warfare. Not only were these men helping to coordinate electronic warfare activity; more importantly, from the students' point of view, they were reveling in it."

TODAY, DESPITE THEIR UNDISGUISED enthusiasm for all the electronic gadgets that go into fighting a modern conventional war, Crows bitterly resent the public image their activities have created. "We're not a warmongering organization, as we're characterized by some—the *Berkeley Barb* to be specific," contends Mel Marcus. "Our mission is to emphasize preparedness. To be prepared is the best way, we feel, to avoid war."

In fact, many Crows exhibit a kind of conscience-salving double-think about their work. As Colonel Brees describes what electronic warfare can do in the way of "taking offense to the enemy," his enthusiasm and sincerity are obvious. "We provide the eyes and ears to fast-moving aircraft, or even slow-moving objects on the ground, to tell a crew member, who has to make a decision, where the enemy is, what kind of enemy he is, and when he becomes hostile. So you can take evasive action, or go to countermeasures, or you can go into the attack mode and go kill him."

An hour later, Brees tells a local TV reporter, with equal sincerity, "We're not out to kill anybody."

Other Crows are even more blunt. Grandfatherly Dan Graves, speaking as toastmaster at the annual Crow awards banquet before more than three thousand Crows and assorted Crowmates, warns, "You know, in between wars we've got to keep the enthusiasm up. When the next war starts—and it's going to start—the Senator Cannons of this world are going to send money down so fast you can't even spend it, and I know a number of you guys will be glad of that."

Some Crows are less than certain about their "peacekeeping mission." Late one night in one of the hotel hospitality suites, a well-oiled engineer confesses, "We tell ourselves we're just working on electronics, but who are we kidding? We know what it's really for. All this technology, and look what we do with it. It's kind of pathetic really. We're all still animals, us and the Soviets." A fellow Crow agrees, but he faults the politicians: "Have you read Buckminster Fuller?" he asks suddenly. "He says that if you take all the politicians off the world, it won't change at all. But if you take all the scientists and engineers off the world, the world will die."

Among the ranks of the Crows, however, the doubters are few. The world view of the vast majority is captured perfectly by Colonel Brees. Searching for an appropriately upbeat note on which to end our interview, the colonel exudes the confidence of the true believer. "Electronic warfare is more than just a science," he says, "it's an art."

"More than that," he adds, groping for precisely the right word, "it's . . . it's a religion!"

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Don't Mess With Bill (Clements)

By Sam Attlesey

Texas Governor William Clements began running for President the day he took office. But serious conflict-of-interest charges may curb his ambitions.

NO LESS A POLITICAL observer than Richard Nixon termed it the most significant gubernatorial election of this generation; Henry Kissinger attached similar importance to the victory of his former colleague, a man who had "fought like a tiger" when they served together in the Nixon administration.

William Perry Clements, Jr., a multimillionaire Dallas oilman, had just scored a surprise victory over his Democratic challenger, popular state attorney general John Hill. Texas political observers called it one of the biggest upsets in Texas history. Clements pulled off his coup by spending $7 million (his campaign debt is still $4 million), by putting together one of the most professional campaign teams ever, and by coming across as the nonpolitician who alone could save Texas from the liberals.

But even Nixon and Kissinger probably did not suspect just what was in store for Texas—much less the United States of America—when they made their postelection comments. If they had joined 1980 Presidential hopefuls John Connally and George Bush and the thousands of other Texans jammed on the lawn of the state capitol in January for the inauguration of the state's first Republican governor in 105 years, they would have quickly realized that their superlatives were understatements. Clements, who had served as deputy secretary of defense under Presidents Nixon and Ford from 1973 until 1977, now had a platform for putting into action his business-is-the-best conservatism. Replete with swashbuckling, shoot-from-the-hip, don't-mess-with-Bill manner, Clements the politician was unveiled.

It was an almost unparalleled display of arrogance and swagger. While squinting through what can only be described as beady eyes, and with his hand resting on the Bible, Clements laughed out loud as he took the oath of office. Then, at the end of his "we'll persist and prevail" inaugural address, he roared, "Now we have sunshine." Had the sun broken through at that moment, his comment might have been appropriate. As it happened, the offhand remark was, perhaps, an omen that Clements did not intend to keep his brand of rhetoric within the borders of Texas. For someone as ambitious as Clements, that is too much to expect. There are no limits, national or international, for a man driven by what he believes is the will of the people.

After only two months in office, Clements, who has the tact of the oilfield roughneck he once was, already has stunned supporters and enemies with his antics on the national as well as the state level. He had been in office less than four weeks when he announced during a Washington press conference that he might be a favorite son candidate for the GOP Presidential nomination next year. Indeed, he wrote to state party leaders urging them to remain neutral in what is expected to be a free-for-all Presidential primary.

That only added fuel to the speculation following Clements's victory that the new governor would not complete his four-year term if offered a Vice-Presidential or top cabinet position in a Republican administration. Some polls even speculate that Clements really has in the back of his mind a shot at his party's nomination. "He hasn't sold his house in Virginia yet," says one exponent of that possibility. And, after all, no one gave Clements a chance of getting elected governor either.

No one is more willing or seems more to enjoy giving hell to President Carter than Clements. During the campaign Clements even acknowledged that if elected, one of his objectives would be to make sure Carter did not carry Texas in 1980. One of his many jabs at Carter almost backfired during a

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luncheon in Amarillo. Clements pulled out a rubber chicken, waved it around his head, and blurted that he intended to tie Jimmy Carter "like a rubber chicken" around the neck of his opponent John Hill. Then, witnesses said, Clements tossed the fowl at Hill. But it ended in the plate of the mayor's wife. Clements won the mayor's endorsement anyway.

After only a week in office Clements gallivanted off to Mexico, thereby upstaging Carter's visit south of the border only a couple of weeks later, and his VIP treatment in Mexico City raised a few eyebrows in the State Department. No matter that Clements had to delay presenting his budget proposal to the state legislature, but he did deliver his first state-of-the-state message to the Democratic-dominated legislature before he left, and bluntly requested more power for the governor. His speech came only hours before Carter's state-of-the-union message.

There are those who argue that Clements's visit to Mexico was much more successful than Carter's. At least Clements did not make any remarks about "Montezuma's revenge." Clements boasted that he and Mexican President José Lopez Portillo were able to reach accord on the questions of the disposition of Mexico's energy reserves, illegal aliens, and the drug traffic. Working with the governors of other border states and their counterparts in Mexico, Clements is trying to establish a program similar to the old bracero plan that would allow Mexican citizens to enter the United States with work permits for jobs in agriculture, industry, and service occupations. In Texas, at least, Clements's visit to Mexico received almost as many headlines as Carter's and the Pope's visits combined.

The anti-Carter crusade seems to consume Clements, but the governor is astute enough to realize it suits the majority of Texans. The President's popularity is lower than a snake's belly, primarily because of the administration's oil and gas policies.

Before he was elected, Clements vowed to be a "tough-as-nails governor who will not stand for Northeastern plundering of our energy assets." He repeatedly has called for the firing of his former boss at the Defense Department, James Schlesinger, who now heads the Department of Energy. Speaking of their days together in the Pentagon, Clements snaps, "Schlesinger couldn't direct me to go to the bathroom. I didn't work for him. I worked for the President of the United States, and he fully understood that. And I would remind everyone that when the clutch came, he got fired. I didn't."

Clements also has called for the dismissal of Secretary of Agriculture Bob Bergland. That proposal came during one of Clements's increasingly frequent trips to Washington, after he had met with protesting farmers and promised to support their demands for full parity. He made the comments during a press conference at the same time Carter was meeting the media.

No one is more willing, or seems more to enjoy giving hell to Carter than Clements.

The new governor bristles at any suggestions he is meddling in national affairs. "The only ones who might think I'm meddling are Carter and Schlesinger," he says. "The people of Texas didn't elect me to be quiet, but to articulate the state's position." Noting that Texas produces 30 percent of the nation's energy, he sees his role as being a governor who will "tell those people in Washington what we want them to do. I don't want them forevermore telling us what to do."

So far his open-mouth policy has proved popular with most Texans, even though he has upset a few special-interest groups by his stands on legislative matters. Texans had forgotten what it was like to have such an outspoken, even rude, chief executive. Dolph Briscoe, his predecessor, had lulled them to sleep during his six years of do-nothingness. "Clements is gutsy and full of spunk. He says what everyone who is sitting in their living rooms and watching the TV news wants to say. He's giving them an outlet," says a Dallas political activist.

Above all, Clements has told the people what they want to hear about taxes and government spending. Promising to operate Texas like a business, he rode into office on the same wave that brought Howard Jarvis into the spotlight. To the dismay of some Democratic lawmakers, Clements is following through with that promise. He has talked of trimming 25,000 workers from the state payroll, and in the budget he submitted to the state legislature he proposed a $1 billion cut in the state budget, on top of a $1 billion cut passed during a special legislative session in 1978. He placed an emergency tag on his proposals to give Texans the right of initiative and referendum. "This budget is not a letter to Santa Claus," he says. "It's not even a carrot for the Easter bunny."

But tax cutting evidently wasn't all Clements had in mind when he spoke of running Texas like a business. Playing up to his pals in the powerful oil and gas lobby, Clements has proposed a Texas-sized energy program that would increase government "incentives" for oil, natural gas, and coal production, and require all "windfall" energy profits to be plowed back into energy research. Clements doesn't complain about government subsidies —only about "unreasonable" government regulations. That kind of attitude, however, has won him the endorsement of other state officials.

Clements has his detractors, however. State Democratic party chairman Billy Goldberg of Houston has accused Clements of grandstanding and becoming an absentee governor because of his forays into Mexico and Washington. Goldberg, obviously still smarting over how Clements beat Hill, said the only thing Clements accomplished during his trip to Mexico was to introduce himself as the principal owner of the world's largest oil drilling company, to the president of a country that soon will be a major oil and gas producing nation.

IT WAS A SUBTLE REFERence to what probably will haunt Clements throughout his tenure in the governor's mansion and may even prevent him from winning higher office: conflict of interest. It trailed him like an overweight shadow while he was working in the Defense Department. The conflict of interest allegations remained mostly subterranean during the campaign, but now they have appeared as a prickly thorn. As owner and founder of Sedco, Inc., which has grown from two rusty rigs into an enterprise operating in twenty-two countries, with eleven thousand employees and $750

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million in assets, Clements has tried to head off the predictable charges of conflict of interest. Shortly before he was sworn in, he resigned as chairman and chief executive officer of Sedco (his son now runs the show) and placed his 619,768 shares of Sedco stock into a "blind trust."

But according to officials of the Securities and Exchange Commission, there is nothing blind about Clements's blind trust. Because he owns so much stock in the company, it will be virtually impossible for his trustees to keep him in the dark. The law requires them to file a public report each time they buy or sell even one share in the company. Undaunted, Clements insists, "I will continue to say it's a blind trust . . . it was drawn up with that intent."

Forbes magazine noted in 1975 that Sedco was greatly benefiting from high oil prices. It noted that Clements's company "doesn't lose if it hits a dry hole" because Sedco clients in effect rent the drilling rigs to companies looking for oil. Somewhat ironically, Clements, whose worth was reported as $30 million during the gubernatorial campaign, has suffered a $13 million paper loss on his Sedco shares during the past year. It was not because of the revolt in Iran, Clements said, noting "those [Sedco] rigs are still running" —operated now by Iranian workers.

Clements's trip to Mexico, where he met privately with Minister Jorge Diaz Serrano, the director general of the Mexican national oil company, aroused some suspicion. But that was nothing compared to the reactions to the disclosure that Sedco and Hunt Oil Company, also based in Dallas, would make a joint application to China for offshore drilling rights. What made that proposal so suspicious was that it was revealed only a week after a cordial visit with Chinese trade-development representative Han Hsu in Clements's Dallas home. Clements also personally welcomed Chinese Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping when he toured Houston.

Because of the governor's dislike of Carter, there was speculation that Clements might snub Deng in order to embarrass the President. But Clements explained, "Whether we agree with him [Deng] politically or philosophically or whether we like chop suey or not is beside the point. He is our guest." What was left unspoken was that it is not good business to insult the leader of a country in which you might soon be seeking a healthy drilling contract.

While he admitted "some very preliminary discussions" of the China venture were initiated while he was still active in Sedco last November, Clements said he had not taken part in any of those discussions and didn't mention the business venture when he met with Han Hsu. As for speculation Clements would visit China as head of a delegation of Texas businessmen, the governor said he would not be visiting China until at least 1981. Certainly it will not be in the fall of 1980, he said, "because I've got something else in mind . . . I'm sure Mr. Carter would love to see me go to China at that time."

Above all, Clements has told people what they want to hear about taxes and spending limits.

In fending off charges of conflict of interest, the governor revealed he will travel to Russia this fall, and he and Texas food producers and processors will meet with their Russian counterparts. There will be less room for scandal on the agricultural mission, although, he joked, "I do own some mother cows."

DURING THE ELECtion, Hill was so confident of victory that only during the final days of the campaign did he touch on the charges. Hill claimed that Clements had formed a partnership (SEDIRAN) with the then shah in order to boost Sedco's profits in Iran. Clements quickly denied the charge, just as he denied a published report in 1976, based on leaks from a Congressional investigation, that there was a conflict of interest in his role in the sale of U.S. fighter planes to Iran while he was deputy secretary of defense. Clements termed the report "pure baloney" and said he did not play "any role whatsoever" in a decision to sell eighty F-14 fighter planes to Iran for the same price that the United States paid the Grumman Corporation for the planes under a navy contract. He denied allegations that he had favored the shah by helping to prevent Grumman from adding a standard marketing charge to its $1.3 billion contract.

During the Republican primary last spring, Clements's opponent, Ray Hutchison—who now is working part-time for the governor as a legislative liaison—claimed that an affiliate of Sedco received millions of dollars in federally guaranteed credits while Clements was with the Defense Department. Clements said that he would not dignify the charge by replying.

He also was accused of flying to ski slopes in Colorado at government expense, while serving in Washington. He claimed the skiing was just a break from a tour of the Air Force Academy.

When investigators in Argentina alleged that Sedco paid commissions that were illicit and contrary to the public morals, to obtain drilling contracts, Clements denied the charges at a press conference and was promptly hit with a $15 million slander suit.

When he wasn't saying "baloney" to conflict-of-interest claims, he was creating other controversies by his vocal opposition to amnesty for Vietnam War draft evaders and his admission to a Senate committee that he would not rule out the possibility of using nuclear weapons in Vietnam.

As deputy secretary of defense, Clements was one of four members of the National Command Authority, which determines who "pushes the button" in a state of emergency.

Nevertheless, Clements left Washington amid general praise. "There are certain people in Washington, very liberal senators such as [William] Proxmire, Adlai Stevenson, . . . [George] McGovern, sure, who were consistently trying to fault me or criticize my action or raise conflict of interest issues. But I met those head on," Clements says.

Bill Clements, with his wife Rita, a former Republican national committeewoman, at his side, is on a political mission. The man who had served as Texas cochairman of Nixon's reelection campaign in 1972 seems to be enjoying his new position of power. How long he will be content with his present status, and what means he might employ to elevate it, are questions that will keep a lot of political watchers guessing, and may also keep a lot of politicians on guard. ❏

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GOOD AS GOLD, by Joseph Heller. Simon and Schuster, 447 pp., $12.95.

Fathers and schlemiels

MARK SHECHNER

IN ALL OF HIS NOVELS, Joseph Heller reminds us of how central rage is to our fiction, and how necessary fiction is to our rage. For though he may not be the angriest novelist in America—and competition for *that* honor is fierce indeed—he has been the most successful in persuading us that his anger grows out of a valid assessment of contemporary life. Upon its appearance in 1961, *Catch-22* began to give instruction to the rebellion that was gathering in the universities. Its madcap vision of an absurd military world, with its depersonalized chain of arbitrary command, its casual unconcern about death, and its intimations of universal conspiracy, was all but canonical to the imagination of "the Movement," eclipsing the more contemplative versions of the absurd that had held sway since the 1940s. Heller's Yossarian, who takes to the trees, naked, in protest, replaced Camus's Meursault and Beckett's Vladimir and Estragon as a plausible image of modern man, just at the moment when the prevailing question changed from whether to commit suicide, to how to strike back. *Catch-22* was the 1960s' most typical literary product, a book that not only captured the rebellious mood of the decade, but also, as a mixture of vaudeville and terror, helped define its style.

Though Heller's second novel, *Something Happened*, with its grim and relentless realism, seemed at first glance a puzzling evasion of Heller's genius for mordant slapstick, it now seems just the sort of sequel a *Catch-22* might produce: light years away in technique, perhaps, but loyal in its social point of view. Substitute a middle-management executive, Bob Slocum, for Yossarian, and the world of white-collar drudgery and ambition for that of wartime terror; then throttle the pace down to a bare crawl, and you have *Catch-22*'s claustral vision of contemporary life, deepened and domesticated. *Something Happened* enunciates the same view once again: a war of each against all, in the context of a corporate world in which the chain of command is fundamentally a chain of humiliation.

That is certainly the perspective one gets after reading Heller's new novel, *Good as Gold*, in which the same bleak determinism is still in evidence, but the stifling and conspiratorial hierarchy is transposed from the air force and the corporation to the family—where, after all, we tend to look for it in a proper Jewish novel, which is what *Good as Gold* attempts to be. Its hero, Bruce Gold, is, like Bob Slocum, another schlemiel with ambition, whose schemes come to nothing. At forty-eight, Gold is an English professor and a writer of some small accomplishment; he is esteemed largely by former college acquaintances who are after him to write for them. One, Maxwell Lieberman, is a reactionary editor of an obscure "little magazine"; he is a *Luftmensch* turned *Realpolitiker*, who sounds like a cross between Emmett Kelly and Irving Kristol, and who has been trying for years to accept tainted money if only he could find someone to offer it.

Another, Pomoroy, is executive editor of "a thriving, faintly disreputable, book-publishing house," who has given Gold a sizable advance to write a study of "the contemporary Jewish experience in America," a subject of allure to Gold, whose experience has been quintessentially Jewish, but in precisely those vague and hybrid ways, common to the second generation, that elude his understanding. The third is Ralph Newsome, who has moved into the White House as a high-ranking but unspecified assistant to the President. He claims to have interested the President in Gold's essays, and to be scheming to obtain for Gold a high governmental appointment. About all he comes up with, though, is a seat on a farcical Presidential Commission on Education and Political Welfare, which turns out to be dedicated entirely to the political welfare of the commissioners. As the reader may guess from even this sampling of Dickensian types, the action in the book is lively and intricate, and if it is not so extravagant as the hijinx of *Catch-22*, certainly it is far more spirited than the somber realism of *Something Happened*.

GOLD IS NOT JUST A writer and would-be Washington bureaucrat; he is also a family man, which is largely that side of his life where the "Jewish experience" comes into play. He is joylessly married to the passive Belle, a plump, matronly, and good-natured woman who says little and accedes to nearly everything. Bruce and Belle have three children: two grown-up sons and a daughter of twelve, Dina, who is wiser than her years, smarter than her failing grades would indicate, and tougher than her father. Gold doesn't amount to anything of interest as either a husband or a father, but as a son and a brother he is a spectacular failure. He is the next-to-youngest in a noisy Jewish family of five sisters, four of them older than he; an older and more successful brother, Sid; an eighty-two-year-old, Kafkaesque father who despises him; a mad stepmother, who does little else but knit away at an endless and mysterious garment; and more in-laws, nieces, and nephews than he cares to keep track of. The trouble is that they can all keep track of him. He holds a special place as the perennial kid brother, the egghead and schlemiel par excellence who is destined to

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fumble along in life with his head in the clouds and his feet in dogshit.

Family gatherings yield predictable confrontations: Gold's latest triumphs are routinely deprecated as failures, and the overabundance of kugel, kishke, and kasha turns to ashes in his mouth. Thus, when Belle innocently announces to the assembled family that her husband is writing a book on the Jewish experience, Sid demands immediately to know "whose?" and the father snorts, "What does *he* know about being Jewish? He wasn't even born in Europe." Even Belle's lame boast that her husband is getting a twenty-thousand-dollar advance provokes the father's condescension: "That ain't so much. I made more than that in my time." And so it goes, from put-down to put-down, until Gold, pushed beyond endurance by some patronizing gibe by Sid, bursts out, "Sid, you're fucking me over again, aren't you?" And the father jumps to his feet and brings down the house: "He said fuck? Fuck, he said? I'll kill him! I'll break his bones. Someone walk me over to him."

Ever since Philip Roth and Woody Allen dragged the dinner table into the center of Jewish culture, this scene of tumult around the table has come down to us billed as a Rich Cultural Experience, which puts less combative forms of dining on the defensive and pronounces such social habits as table manners and polite small talk to be mere evidence of Anglo-Saxon fastidiousness. In its robust vulgarity, goes a popular formula for Jewish culture these days, is its strength.

Whether Heller had such current ideas about immigrant vigor in mind is anybody's guess, but his version of Jewish family life is a far cry from Roth's, however much the two writers may resemble each other superficially. Bruce Gold's predicament is too rigidly preordained, allowing neither the rich give and take of a Roth situation, nor the undercurrents of powerful but blocked love that explain what the aggression is all about. Bruce Gold's father will always defeat him, because Gold lacks the zest of life to strike back effectively. He inevitably retreats in a pout or a groan, covering his retreats with a volley of epithets. In *Good as Gold*, the family is a machine that does one thing only: humiliate Bruce. Even his rage doesn't really belong to him but to the situation, and thus gives nothing to his character. It is only the style of his inevitable surrender.

That is because Heller's own anger is embodied in a myth, a stereotyped way of looking at things and measuring his own relation to the surrounding world. It is the myth that one's own humanity is unique, shared by no one else; indeed, that everyone else is mechanical, contrived, existing for one's own torment. Heller's novels all recall the observation of Dostoevsky's underground man on his alienation: "I am alone and they are *every one*," which might as easily be the motto of Bruce Gold or of Bob Slocum or Yossarian.

THE MYTH OF THE ALIENated and conspiratorial world finds its essential expression in the figure of the mechanical father, who bears for the son nothing but malice. In one form or another he is the real subject of *Good as Gold*, and the one unifying factor in what is otherwise a mishmash of discrepant styles and meandering events. First of all he is Julius Gold, who at eighty-two is more vigorous than either of his sons, and unremitting in his contempt for Bruce. "From the beginning," he tells the assembled family, "I knew he would never amount to much. And was I right?" But as if his clones were distributed through his son's life, repli-

CHRIS COREY

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cas turn up everywhere. Bruce Gold's world has conspired to multiply mechanical fathers infinitely in order to set roadblocks along all his escape routes to manhood.

Thus he is also Pugh Biddle Conover, father of the luscious Andrea Conover with whom Gold has an affair in Washington and whom he schemes to marry in the hope that she and her father might advance his prospects for a career in government. Conover is the *deus ex machina* himself, but not a redeeming one. He is a consummate power broker, a vicious anti-Semite, and a centaur on wheels who zips about his Virginia estate in a motorized wheelchair like a Tidewater Clifford Chatterley. And he thoroughly despises Gold: "I never met a man I didn't like," he tells Gold, " 'til you." Then there is Greenspan, the Jewish FBI agent who is doing a security check on Gold and confides to him that his sexual adventures make him a *shonde* to his race. Greenspan is literally everywhere, since he has planted a listening device in every wall. When Gold asks Greenspan how he can get in touch with him, the latter answers, "Talk to the wall."

Add the invisible President, a secretive and ineffectual figure who prefers writing his memoirs to governing the nation and relays his admiration for Gold's prose style through Ralph Newsome. But the President's benevolence is only apparent. Operating in obscurity like the wizard of Oz, he manipulates Gold's life with rumors of impending appointments to unnamed posts, and stokes Gold's lust for advancement at any cost, thus bringing out the seamier dimensions of his ambition.

Finally, there is Henry Kissinger, the Jew as top dog. Gold, finding himself at one point unable to work on the Jewish book, decides to do one on Kissinger, for which he has already gathered copious notes and clippings. (It, too, will never get written.) Kissinger, indeed, is Gold's *bête noire*, the ghost in the machine himself, the bomber of Hanoi and the butcher of Cambodia, who would as soon kneel in prayer with Richard Nixon as terrorize a small nation. Gold's rage at Kissinger is boundless, and a substantial portion of the book is given over to tirades at Kissinger's treachery and narcissism. At such moments the mask of fiction drops entirely away, and it is Joseph Heller himself holding forth on "that fat little fuck," "the shuttling little bastard," "the prick," and "the bustling *bonditt*." Indeed, he subjects Kissinger to the bitterest denunciation of all: that he is the Jew turned Nazi, and that "it was disgraceful" that he "should be gadding about gaily in chauffeured cars, instead of walking at Spandau with Rudolph Hess."

There is something decidedly wrong with this, and it is not that Heller has broken any known rules of social decorum in letting his aggression show. God knows, Kissinger has it coming. It is rather that in dropping the mask this way and exploding the fictional medium, Heller gives in to his anger rather than putting it to work, and he thrashes about in torment precisely where he should be cunning and deliberate. Thus the full horror of Kissinger, which has not registered in the public consciousness even now, is never cast into a controlling image, but rather is dissipated in a barrage of scattered accusations. In *Catch-22*, Heller's rage exfoliated into the most ludicrous and chilling sorts of imaginative extravagance, but in *Good as Gold*, the extravagance is largely verbal.

AS A RESULT, TOO MUCH of the book seems arbitrary and uncontrolled, invented out of desperation rather than imaginative need. Heller never decides what sort of book he is writing, a novel of domestic crisis, or a social document, or a political exposé. Thus the book shuttles back and forth between urban decay and family oppression, and spirited cartoons of politics at the top in which Heller tries to recapture the magic of *Catch-22* and play up the absurdities of power by exaggerating its derelictions. Heller's gloom is constant, but disparities in style and focus are never reconciled. In walking through Coney Island, the scene of his childhood, Gold falls into a Spenglerian funk; here, amid the debris of urban degeneration and the landscape of teenage anomie, is the future. "Someone should do something," thinks Gold. "Nobody could. No society worth its salt would watch itself perishing without some serious attempt to avert its own destruction." Here is a jeremiad worthy of Saul Bellow at his most Sammleresque, though the underlying politics are far different from Bellow's, since Heller's vision of social chaos on the bottom flows from a critique of organized gangsterism at the top.

But the gangsterism at the top is not defined beyond what we already know about the Nixon White House, and is treated as a cartoon that derides everything and thus explains nothing. Sandwiched into this dismal view of our political destiny is Bruce Gold's family romance: the romance of an undecipherable Jewish identity yoked to the struggle with the terrible father, in whose power is somehow contained the mystery of the elusive Jewishness. There is material here for two or three novels, which Heller has tried to synthesize into a single statement. But the themes in the book don't connect. Perhaps that is because Heller's angle of vision is too narrow to give him the links between Gold's private crisis and his public activities, and therefore to give his life a credible shape. Or perhaps it is that all that rage was too great this time to be contained by anything as formally demanding as "the novel." In either case, to know why the book fails to cohere, I am certain, would be to know more precisely what it is really about. ❏

Talking with Joseph Heller

CHARLIE REILLY

Q: *MY CONGRATULATIONS on* Good as Gold, *it's a remarkable book. In fact, I think it has that harmony between humor and subtle profundity that you handle as well as anyone writing today.*

HELLER: I'm glad you liked it. I'm pleased you enjoyed the humor too because I was just reading a very perceptive review by a professor named John Aldridge who called *Good as Gold* the bleakest of my three books. I think he used the phrase, "an extension of Heller's darkening vision." The more I thought about it the more I could see what he meant.

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Q: You're kidding? Bleaker than Something Happened?

HELLER: Bleaker than *Something Happened* and *Catch-22*—the bleakest and most biting despite the, I think he used the word, hilarity. He focused largely upon the Washington episodes and speculated that what Heller is imagining today may well be happening tomorrow. He also commented upon what I have in there, perhaps unconsciously, about the decline of the contemporary family.

Q: That's a sensitive response. I guess I was groping in that direction when I talked about the book's subtlety and profundity.

HELLER: Here we go! *INQUIRY* is probably hoping for some political views and we seem to be moving again toward an intellectual literary column. I mean that respectfully; *INQUIRY* is a good magazine.

Q: I'm sure INQUIRY is hoping for your thoughts about the novel, period. As I collect myself now, I realize that I meant to say the pace and tone of the novel reminded me of what was best about Catch-22. *There were at least a dozen portions where I put down the book and laughed out loud—and how often does that happen in a book? But as I came to the final passages, as the protagonist's life becomes so frenetic, I got the same eerie feeling I did with both of your other novels. I found what I had dismissed as "fun" sneaking up on me, and I found myself being absorbed with, well, the moral undercurrents of the book.*

HELLER: I should stress I was very conscious of the similarities between *Good as Gold* and *Catch-22*, and I was vigilant not to repeat the same comic techniques too often—techniques like sudden shifts in time and place. In the final sections I make extravagant use of such techniques, but that was the result of a conscious decision. I wanted those seven days when they're sitting *shivah* to move quickly. But, on the whole I tried hard to avoid the types of aphoristic and verbal humor that I used in *Catch-22*.

Q: Although Catch-22 *was set during World War II, you directed a lot of its satire against the then-current excesses and evils of McCarthyism. I wonder if there isn't something complementary in* Good as Gold. *This novel supposedly concerns the "Jewish Experience," but at the same time it intensely, ferociously, comments on Kissinger, Vietnam, and post-Vietnam politics.*

HELLER: The answer to your question

"Ultimately, Bruce Gold finds his experience is not particularly more Jewish than mine," says Heller.

is yes. There's a review I've seen that closes with the thought that Gold is Jewish only in his symptoms. The implication, and it's sensible, is that he's representative of the entire country at this time. *Good as Gold* does focus upon the Jewish experience, but ultimately Bruce Gold finds his experience is not particularly more Jewish than, well, mine. I feel that many people my age, people who went to college after the war and became involved in academic or literary activities, have had experiences that are not materially different from those of people who aren't Jewish.

Q: A couple of people asked me after our first interview whether you're Jewish and I had to say I didn't know because it never occurred to me to ask you. You haven't written about Jewish protagonists or themes before, in other words. But, are you from a Jewish family, similar to Gold's?

HELLER: Well, yes, I'm Jewish. But, no, I didn't have a large family like Gold, nor did I become involved in dinners similar to the Gold family's. To tell you the truth, I'm not sure where the idea came from for those dinners in the novel. My wife has a large family and, of course, we all gathered for Thanksgiving and whatever. But there was nothing like the, well, uproar and anger you find in Gold's dinners. What I was trying to do there, at least in part, was to point out incongruities—to suggest that even though Gold was being considered for the position of secretary of state, inside the home he was still the youngest brother, the kid who didn't know enough to use a handkerchief.

Q: So the fact that this novel came well along in your writing career does not reflect that you have been brooding about, perhaps building toward, a novel about the Jewish experience?

HELLER: No, emphatically not. I got the idea for this book immediately after giving a reading from *Catch-22* and *Something Happened* in Wilmington, Delaware. Afterward, in a small question group, a woman asked me why I had never written about the Jewish experience. I answered that I had had only two ideas for a novel in twenty-one years, so I certainly wasn't excluding it. And then I said, I wasn't at all sure I was qualified to write about the topic, I wasn't sure I was that much in touch with the experience as the writers who had already handled it so wonderfully, writers like Bernard Malamud and Philip Roth. But while I was going home on the Metroliner, I began musing about the possibilities and began making notes. By the time I got off the train, I had the idea for the novel; a book about a guy who got an advance for a book about the "Jewish Experience" and then realized he hadn't had any such experience.

Q: But, by the end of the novel, doesn't the reader at least perceive Gold has a more profound and important "Jewish Experience" than Gold himself realizes?

HELLER: I suppose, but Gold is correct in perceiving his "Jewish Experience" is far removed from, say, Dubin's, in Malamud's new book, or from any character in Malamud's work.

Q: One character in Good as Gold, *Gold's father Julius, especially fascinated me: Despite his cantankerous, sarcastic, patriarchal, egocentric nature, I wound up liking Julius Gold enormously.*

HELLER: Good. If I may immodestly say so, I think that's one of the achievements—I don't have the nerve to say triumphs—of the novel. I had originally decided to depict him as an almost stock character—a nasty, vile-natured, old tyrant—but about halfway through the writing I decided I'd do that, but also try to persuade the reader to feel sorry for him at the end. Julius is right and the children are right too. When he complains that he took care of his parents and now his children don't want him, he's addressing something that's prevalent throughout the country. We don't want our old people with us. It's simi-

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lar to a line in *Something Happened* where the text says something to the effect that Slocum's aged mother became a burden to him as soon as he no longer needed her.

Q: You've done something in Good as Gold *with narrative point of view that is unprecedented, even for you. I must confess that the effect of* Catch-22*'s order out of chaos and the "Beckettean" voice of* Something Happened *had an enormous impact upon me. But, in this one, the unnamed third-person-omniscient narrator actually shows up in the text, concedes he could have served Gold better, and predicts what will happen later in the tale. Then, a couple of pages later, a reference is made to an author named "Joseph Heller." Now, you've never done this before. Had you planned it from the start?*

HELLER: Yes. From the start I planned injecting the first-person pronoun into the novel fairly regularly, and doing so in a way that would incline the reader to infer that that first-person voice belonged to me, Joseph Heller. I wanted very much to have some kind of sustained, perhaps disconcerting, reminder to the reader that this *is* only a story, that it shouldn't be taken too seriously. What happened was, as I wrote the book, I began to worry that the effect might be too precious—I had even conceived at one point of having dialogues between a character and "me"—and I was worried it would prove too jarring upon the reader. What I ultimately decided to do was include a number of lines here and there that would have the same effect but that would not stand out. For example, in addition to the passages you mentioned, there was the occasion when Gold was musing, first, upon the extraordinary situation of awaiting a high government appointment while hustling a book, and then upon the fact that this was exactly what Kissinger was doing. The next sentence says, "in a novel, no one would have believed it." That sort of thing happens often. I don't know if you noticed the way the allusions to Dickens operate. On one occasion the phrase occurs, and it's a borrowed simile, "as solitary as an oyster." In ensuing passages there are a number of criticisms that seem to apply to Charles Dickens but have also been applied to *Something Happened* and *Catch-22*: too long, too many characters, too many improbable events. But, to answer your question, I finally decided in that one chapter, and only in that one, to introduce formally the "I" narrator. I suppose it was almost an attempt to disarm criticism and, in a humorous way, do something integral to the sense of the novel.

Q: This intrusion of the narrator, this confronting the reader with a tension between narrated event and "realistic" fact, reminded me of Laurence Sterne's eighteenth-century novel, Tristram Shandy. *Are there "Shandyean" influences on your novel?*

HELLER: Oh yes, I had *Tristram Shandy* very much in mind for this book. That's the reason I refer to it so often.

Q: And, am I correct in thinking Good as Gold *Shandyean in a special sense: specifically, in that Sterne's novel, to a significant extent, is a book about the composition of the book* Tristram Shandy*?*

HELLER: Yes.

Q: So, to an extent, Good as Gold *is a book about the composition of the book* Good as Gold*?*

HELLER: It is, except that by the time it's over, Gold himself still hasn't started it.

Q: At least he seems a lot better off for having gone through all the events and scrapes in the novel.

HELLER: He is. He's not necessarily a better man, but he has shaken off those ambitions that are presented in the book as ignoble. He's resolved not to use public service, for instance, as a camouflage for personal and social advancement.

Q: And despite his announced contempt for Kissinger, he has finally stopped becoming, in effect, a Kissinger.

HELLER: Oh yes. Kissinger was not simply a target of Gold's envy; he was a model for what could be achieved.

Q: I have to admit that I can recall very few major satirists who deal as directly and vigorously with real figures—people like Kissinger, Helms, Haig, Kleindienst—as you do in Good as Gold. *I wonder if working with real people makes the writing more difficult, or more nerve-wracking, or easier?*

HELLER: It's not as major a departure as it may seem. *Catch-22* was originally going to deal with some well-known figures, but by the time the book was ready for publication most of them were dying or losing power. In this particular book, I felt it worked well. But, no, it wasn't easier or harder to work with specific public figures. In fact, I suspect that if I were regularly employed as a satiric columnist, I would probably find it much easier to work with specifically identified figures. And keep in mind that most of the direct references take the form of verbatim quotations of newspaper pieces.

Q: Another thing that interested me was the effect that writing about the Vietnam War had upon you. It seemed apparent in Something Happened *that you felt a sense of moral outrage over our role in the war, and in this one Gold seems to boil in rage at some aspects of it. Was it difficult to write about an issue that is so enraging and draining?*

HELLER: No, and this is true of *Catch-22* as well. When I'm writing, I am only interested in writing. Now when I'm not writing, I confess I can hear something that will make me boil over. A phrase that really gets to me, for instance, would be one of those neoconservative references to Vietnam as a national tragedy, but only because we lost. That thought fills me with ire. To begin with, the person who says it is typically untouched by tragedy; like me, he has not lost a son or a job. In addition, the implication is that if we had won, the war would have been somehow less tragic. People with that mentality, I have to admit, impress me as being the scum of the earth.

Q: But when writing you don't find yourself consumed with savage indignation, as Swift put it? When you were creating Gold's abject fury over what was done and said during the Vietnam era, you weren't churning inside?

HELLER: No, and the same was true of *Catch-22*. One of the most stirring portions of *Catch-22*, and I know this because I've read it to audiences, is the passage that describes Snowden's death. When I wrote that, I recall having finished it and then sitting back and wanting to smile. It's not that I was dismissive or callous. But I knew it was done well. I knew it was right. At the moment of composition I felt no sympathy for Snowden, none for Yossarian, none for Gold. It's not that I'm devoid of such emotions. But many people don't realize the degree of detachment, the intensity of concentration, required in serious writing.

Q: And yet I hope you would agree that all of your works are intensely moral. In other words, you're not simply playing games with the issues you're working with.

HELLER: Oh yes, definitely.

Q: I guess what I'm trying to say is that what Gold says about Kissinger seems to me

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to be so right and moral and profound.

HELLER: But keep in mind that Gold is not that much of an idealist. If you want to talk about a character who can, well, denounce Kissinger, I think the President's unnamed source, Ralph Newsome, might be a better candidate. Ralph uses invective against Kissinger far more effectively. To me, his terms for Kissinger are far more impressive than Gold's since Gold's are largely spoken in anger.

Q: Perhaps I'm not prepared to admit Ralph's virtues since I found him so dislikeable.

HELLER: That's interesting. Most people I've spoken to so far have liked him.

Q: Really?

HELLER: They like him as a character. There's a candor to him. After the book was finished, he began to remind me of Milo Minderbinder in *Catch-22*. He is willing to say what is actually so. He is genuinely embarrassed when Gold advises him his definition of a friend is someone who would hide him. If you'll recall, after Gold does ask Ralph to hide him, Ralph apologizes and says—and he's genuinely contrite—"Oh God, Bruce, I'm not your friend; I'm sorry if I said anything to give you that impression." Then again, I may be the wrong person to ask. I wound up more or less liking Conover, the bigot, and even the Texas governor—who to a degree resembles John Connally. It's similar to what happened in *Catch-22* with General Dreedle and Milo. Conversely, I have to admit that I have a hero who was intended to be an unsympathetic figure. Morally, Gold is an ignominious person. He wound up the way Bob Slocum of *Something Happened* started out to be.

Q: Maybe I was forewarned by Catch-22, *but when I was barely into* Good as Gold *and when I realized you were raining characters down upon me, I grabbed a pencil and scribbled a family tree of sorts. At the end, when you again managed to bring all the characters and subplots together, as you did in* Catch-22, *I was filled with admiration. What I wonder is, when you wrote it did you compose it the way I read it, that is, in an episodic way? Did you have an elaborate master plan from the start?*

HELLER: I wrote it largely the way you read it. This book required very little in the way of outlining, almost none in fact. In the instance you cited, I decided to make a virtue out of necessity. I knew I wanted to handle a large number of people and I knew it was going to be virtually impossible to linger over each and define each character without killing the pace of the book. So what I did was have Gold react in the book to this swarm of people the way the reader would. If you'll recall, Gold occasionally will forget the names of the people to whom he's talking and will begin improvising names arbitrarily—sometimes it's a name from Dickens, sometimes from Greek mythology. I think this is an unavoidable problem in the modern novel. Perhaps in a Russian novel you could afford the luxury of a couple of hundred pages of character delineation. But modern readers don't have the patience for that sort of thing.

Q: What about characters who don't show up until late in the novel, characters like Linda Book?

HELLER: I had thought through all the major characters, and she's a good example, right from the start. At least, I did it as soon as I decided this was going to be a major novel. When I began

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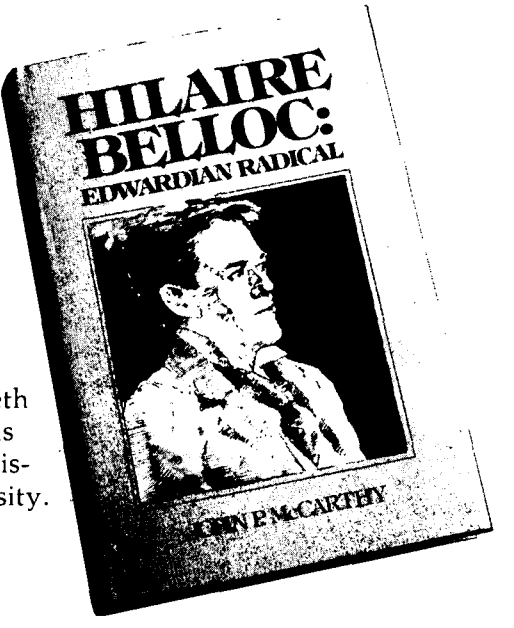

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Good as Gold, my intention was to dash off a short, frivolous book. I felt that, after the years and years I spent on *Something Happened*, it would be pleasant to concentrate on something that would be short and quick. At least, I finished it in three years.

Q: That's true. The others took seven and fourteen years.
HELLER: Believe me, I'll settle for three for the next one.

Q: Do you have an idea for the next one?
HELLER: None at all. Maybe I should go back to Wilmington and give another reading. ❑

SPYING ON AMERICANS: Political Surveillance from Hoover to the Huston Plan, by Athan Theoharis. Temple University Press, 331 pp., $15.00.

Bipartisan domestic policy

JOHN S. ROSENBERG

COLD WAR REVISIONISM, as everyone must know by now, was one of the most important intellectual results of the antiwar movement and the social upheavals of the 1960s. Although it never swept the field and has been vigorously counterattacked by the progeny of the vital center, revisionism—in both its diplomatic and domestic phases—has set the agenda of discussion for a decade. Athan Theoharis, a professor of history at Marquette University, has made important contributions to this discussion. In two previous books and a score of articles Theoharis has been in the forefront of those historians challenging traditional views of "McCarthyism." Although he uses the term to refer to the repressive anticommunist practices of conservative politicians, his most notable and significant argument—and the cornerstone of the revisionist interpretation of the domestic Cold War—is that "McCarthyism" is a misnomer since those practices both preceded and outlived the junior senator from Wisconsin. Instead, Theoharis asserted characteristically, in a 1971 essay, "the impetus to these procedures emanated from the Truman administration." The implication—made explicit in the title of his second book, *Seeds of Repression*—is that McCarthy simply harvested the fruit sown and cultivated by Truman and the liberals.

Spying on Americans sticks close to several of the trails blazed in this earlier work (a number of steps are in fact retraced) while carrying the analysis into some uncharted territory. The result is a work that presents a revisionist interpretation of the FBI's attack on civil liberties even as it reveals the boundaries—some would say faults—that increasingly will tend to divide some revisionists from others.

Before discussing the book, however, it should be noted that anyone seeking a concise history of the now well-known horror stories—the black-bag jobs, covert actions, wiretappings, mail openings, the shameful persecution of Martin Luther King—should turn elsewhere: to the relevant chapters of Morton Halperin et. al., *The Lawless State*, or David Wise, *The American Police State*, or especially to the hearings and reports of the Church committee, the primary source of all of them. Here Theoharis is concerned primarily with the question of authority: Did the FBI abuses derive from too much independence or too much control? Consequently his book is a study of the development of the FBI's investigative authority rather than a survey of the sordid investigations themselves.

Theoharis is reluctant to admit FDR's responsibility for domestic repression.

The organization is neither chronological (the first chapter is on the Huston plan) nor thematic, but narrowly topical. Each chapter traces the investigative authority of the FBI in a different area, but these areas overlap considerably and thus there is a certain amount of repetition. As usual Theoharis has done a truly prodigious amount of research. His most important sources are clearly the Church committee hearings and reports, but these are supplemented by copious references from the Presidential libraries, with the significant exception of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library. Theoharis served as a consultant to the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence Activities (Church committee), but it is not clear what doors were unlocked by his status. There are a few citations to "Official and Confidential FBI Files, J. Edgar Hoover Building," and some closed files at the Eisenhower Library were made available, but in general the book's conclusions do not appear to rest on privileged access to closed material.

Even though the chapters are more like independent units than parts of a larger narrative, several themes and conclusions do emerge. Essentially, Theoharis's argument is that "the distorting impact of the Cold War" allowed the intelligence agencies too much independence, and this "absence of external controls" in turn allowed zealously conservative "internal security bureaucrats" to maximize their own power and devise illegal schemes that ran roughshod over the liberties of Americans. There are two interesting corollaries to this interpretation: By stressing the Cold War years, it absolves Franklin Roosevelt of any responsibility for the repression; and by emphasizing the FBI's independence, it implies that J. Edgar Hoover was more like a wild bull in the china shop of our freedoms than an attack dog following the commands of his superiors.

Theoharis recognizes that the expansion of domestic intelligence activities "might have begun during Franklin Roosevelt's Presidency," but he maintains that "no permanent authority" was created and that "the radical expansion" began under "Harry Truman." This interpretation is consistent with Theoharis's argument in *Seeds of Repression* that "in 1945 popular ac-

JOHN S. ROSENBERG's forthcoming study of Clifford Durr and American liberalism will be published by Harper and Row.

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ceptance of New Deal democracy had provided a counterbalance to McCarthyite tactics. . . . After 1945 the Truman administration had gradually, yet distinctly, renounced the priorities of the Roosevelt administration." This belief in a great divide between Roosevelt and Truman is shared by some Cold War revisionists—D. F. Fleming and Gar Alperovitz, for example—but others, like William A. Williams and Martin Sherwin, have demonstrated the underlying continuity of their foreign policies. I think it can also be shown that there was more continuity between the domestic intelligence policies of Roosevelt and Truman than Theoharis's interpretation allows.

Roosevelt asked the FBI to investigate the activities of his political enemies.

IN APPOINTING HOOVER head of the Bureau of Investigation in 1924, Attorney General Harlan Fiske Stone instructed him that the bureau was not to be concerned with opinions, political or otherwise, but only with violations of law. Theoharis refers to evidence that Hoover violated these instructions from the beginning, but it was not until the Roosevelt administration that the FBI began its political snooping on a large scale. In a fateful 1936 meeting, Roosevelt asked Hoover to provide him with systematic intelligence about "subversive activities in the United States, particularly Fascism and Communism." He wanted, Hoover wrote in a memorandum of the meeting, "a broad picture of the general movement and its activities as may affect the economic and political life of the country as a whole," and "he desired the matter to be handled quite confidentially."

In 1938 the President approved Hoover's plan to collect information on "activities of either a subversive or a so-called intelligence type," and in 1939 two presidential statements assigned primary responsibility to the FBI for domestic intelligence. The first, in June, did not specifically use the term "subversive activities," but in September, after the war had broken out in Europe, Roosevelt issued a public statement asking all law enforcement officers to turn over to the FBI any information "relating to espionage, counter-espionage, sabotage, [or] subversive activities. . . ." In a related matter, in 1940, after the Supreme Court had ruled evidence obtained from wiretaps inadmissible in court, Roosevelt countermanded Attorney General Jackson's order calling a halt to wiretaps. Contending that the Court "never intended" its "dictum" to apply to "grave matters involving the defense of the nation," Roosevelt instructed Jackson to authorize wiretaps "of persons suspected of subversive activities."

Theoharis is not unaware of these episodes—indeed, he cites most of them—but he places the narrowest, most literal interpretation possible upon them. It is clear that Roosevelt instructed Hoover to investigate domestic subversives and that Hoover so understood his responsibility—he made that clear to the President and in testimony to Congress—but Theoharis nevertheless contends that since the original 1939 directive did not specifically authorize investigations of subversives in so many words, Roosevelt's intentions were narrower and more limited. With regard to the wiretapping authorization, he argues that Roosevelt "had not directly authorized wiretaps of domestic radicals."

Now this legalistic reading of documents may establish that the legal foundations of the FBI's authority were shaky, but it does not establish that Hoover's subsequent investigations of subversives were based on a "consistent misrepresentation" of Roosevelt's instructions, as Theoharis claims throughout. On the contrary, Roosevelt's instructions were clearly understood. As the attorney general stated in a memorandum to the President on October 8, 1941, "under your directive of September 6, 1939, the investigation of all subversive activities was centered exclusively in the Federal Bureau of Investigation."

Hoover may have "exploited the latitude" given him by Roosevelt and all later Presidents, but the more important fact is that the latitude was given. Indeed, Roosevelt personally ordered much of the surveillance. In May 1940 Stephen Early, Roosevelt's assistant, sent Hoover a list of names of people who had written letters criticizing the President's national defense speech, stating that "it was the president's idea that you might like to go over these, noting the names and addresses of the senders." Hoover not only listed the senders but investigated them and sent back reports, and in June Roosevelt asked another aide "to prepare a nice letter to Edgar Hoover thanking him for all the reports on investigations he has made and tell him I appreciate the fine job he is doing."

This episode is included in the Church committee report and in Theoharis's account, but the FDR Library contains countless other examples that were not cited and that reveal Roosevelt's intention more clearly than the precise wording of his directives. He frequently ordered Hoover to investigate critics of the New Deal and was regularly provided with information about his opponents in Congress. On May 11, 1942, Roosevelt wrote his attorney general: "Senators and Members of Congress are, of course, protected in a sense by the Constitution, but this must be strictly construed. There is absolutely *no* valid reason why any suspected subversive activities on their part should not be investigated. . . ." A CONFIDENTIAL memorandum for the President from Stephen Early in March 1942 says more about Roosevelt's relations with the FBI than do the bare words of his directives: "I saw J. Edgar Hoover this morning and told him that you wanted action taken against the publishers of seditious matter. . . . Hoover told me his hands were tied by the Attorney General. . . . I told Mr. Hoover that you nevertheless wanted action on sedition cases and that he should advise the Attorney General of your desires. . . ."

THEOHARIS DOES NOT ignore the reams of political information provided to Presidents after 1939, but he does use something of a double standard: In FDR's case he implies the practice was more indicative of Hoover's desire to please than of the President's own designs, yet in the case of Nixon's receipt of similar information he argues that "it is immaterial" who initiated it since

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"the President had the opportunity to order [its] termination."

Spying on Americans admirably charts the twists and turns in the paper trail by which the FBI's authority and influence grew over the years, and it is an impressive Bureau-cratic history of the FBI's war on civil liberties. Theoharis's discussion of the malignant growth and development of these repressive policies through the Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon years is thorough and convincing. On their origins, however, his version of revisionism does not revise enough.

Nor is his argument persuasive that the investigative excesses can be traced to a secretive, uncontrolled "internal security bureaucracy." The problem was not so much a lack of executive or congressional oversight of the FBI, as a consensus on repressive policies that ran throughout all branches of the government. Looking the other way, after all, was a policy, and it is hard to see how a Congress full of Eastlands, Dirksens, McCarrans, and Walters, or attorneys general like McGrath, Clark, Brownell, and Mitchell could have restrained much. And it was not simply a problem of secrecy, for there was no public outcry over the exposure of illegal FBI practices in the Judith Coplon case of 1949 or after the similar revelations in Fred Cook's 1964 classic, *The FBI Nobody Knows*.

Theoharis ends his book by endorsing Senator Church's view that "the root cause" of the excesses of the intelligence agencies lay in the failure to apply the constitutional system of checks and balances. "The founding fathers foresaw excess as the inevitable consequence of granting any part of government unchecked power," Church claimed. "This has been demonstrated in the intelligence field where, too often, constitutional principles were subordinated to a pragmatic course of permitting desired ends to dictate and justify improper means." Constitutional principles were indeed abandoned to pragmatism, but they were abandoned throughout the government, among the non-checkers in Congress and the executive branch as well as in the non-balanced FBI. If Watergate has given us a new appreciation of those constitutional principles, then legal reforms like an intelligence agency charter or more perceptive oversight, though desirable, will not be crucial; if it has not, then no system of checks and balances will prevent the recurrence of these abuses. ❑

THE ZIONIST CONNECTION: What Price Peace? by Alfred M. Lilienthal. Dodd, Mead, 872 pp., $19.95.

Voice in the wilderness

RUSSELL STETLER

ALFRED LILIENTHAL MAY have written the most unpopular book of the decade, but it is an important work and deserves a wider audience than seems likely, given the present political mood. In one sense, it is too long and scholarly (over 1300 notes) to be a popular book; but the political unpopularity of *The Zionist Connection* runs deeper. Many lengthy, heavily footnoted tomes find few readers but many buyers as they become fashionable adornments for the coffee table. Lilienthal's provocative study will be no such conversation piece.

Yet *The Zionist Connection* could not be more timely. As of this writing, President Carter is in the Middle East attempting to mediate a peace treaty between Egypt and Israel; *The Zionist Connection* denies that there can be peace in that area without a Palestinian state and, ultimately, the de-Zionization of the Israeli state. Lilienthal sees no hope of attaining these objectives in the absence of a basic change in U.S. foreign policy in the Middle East, which he argues has been tailored by every U.S. President since World War II to garner the support of pro-Israeli voting blocs. Among his proposals, one is perhaps fundamental: "removal of the word 'anti-Semitism' from political and public discussion of the Middle East problem." Lilienthal insists that there can be no free and productive debate on U.S. Mideast policy so long as every critic of Israel risks being branded an anti-Semite.

Over the past twenty-five years Alfred Lilienthal has published four other books on the Middle East, and since 1968 he has edited the monthly *Middle East Perspective*. He is an active campaigner for the causes he advocates in the present work, which reflects this passionate personal involvement. The passion stems from the author's own Judaism. Lilienthal rejects Israel's claim to speak on behalf of "the Jewish people," and he feels cheated by Israel's special relationship with organized Judaism in the United States. "For today my relations with the State of Israel are different from that of Christian Americans," Lilienthal writes. "If I wish to retain my religious affiliation, I am bound, whether I like it or not, to help, assist, give, lend, etc., the foreign State of Israel in a manner in which other American non-Jewish citizens do not have to do. I insist, if I wish to worship or identify with the Judaic God—and that may be only for one minute a year—that I be able to do so without going through the State of Israel or any other intermediary."

In a similar way, Lilienthal doesn't like being told who (or which political viewpoint) is sensitive or insensitive to Jews and Jewish concerns. I am not persuaded that all the individuals he defends against charges of anti-Semitism (the late General George Brown or Spiro Agnew, for example) are innocent of the charge, but I understand his stubborn insistence on making up his own mind in every case. Lilienthal's rhetoric also sometimes has a shoot-from-the-hip quality that is out of keeping with the careful analysis that appears through most of the book. The reader should not lose sight of the fact that *The Zionist Connection* is a massive, compendious work—sometimes eloquent, often awkward in its prose; a mixture of analysis and anecdote; and, above all, an attempt to challenge the most established orthodoxy in U.S. foreign policy, America's unique commitment to Israel.

Lilienthal begins his book with a brief but insightful history of Zionism, from the birth of the idea to the creation of Israel as an exclusively Jewish state. He ends with a meticulous review of U.S. policy in the Near East, from the Eisenhower administration to President Carter's invitations to Camp David. The rest of the book is devoted to what Lilienthal calls the cover-up of the Palestinian problem, Israel's supersuccessful lobbying on Capitol Hill, and slanted press coverage. In chapters covering exploitation of anti-Semitism and the Holocaust to secure support for Israel, Lilienthal not only deals with broad psychologi-

RUSSELL STETLER reported on U.S. Mideast policy for Internews from 1973 to 1978.

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cal aspects of Western guilt in the post-Hitler epoch, but also treats a number of instances of the cynical manipulation of these feelings.

PERHAPS THE MOST subtle and thoughtful element in Lilienthal's book is his depiction of Chaim Weizmann's Zionism as a philosophy of despair, with the concept of a nation that "was one of fated racialism. . . . What made a person a Jew was not practice of the Judaistic faith (many of them being, in point of fact, unabashed agnostics and atheists); suffice he was *born* 'a Jew'—and once a Jew, always a Jew. Underlying that concept was a deep despair, a cult of exclusivity combined with a sense of doom. Its central tenets were the axiomatic conviction that anti-Semitism cannot be erased from this earth, and the equally axiomatic assumption that Jews cannot live a normal life outside their own state, Israel."

Lilienthal argues that this ideology blinded Zionists to the plight of refugees from Hitler who did not wish to settle in Palestine (as today there is little concern for Soviet Jews who wish to emigrate elsewhere than to Israel). According to Lilienthal, President Franklin Roosevelt was prepared to offer asylum in the United States to Jewish refugees. His strategy was to approach Congress on the question of special immigration quotas as part of an international asylum program for 500,000 refugees, involving England, Canada, Australia, and South America. FDR's emissary, attorney Morris Ernst, reportedly secured England's agreement to the plan—only to be informed by Roosevelt that the "dominant vocal Jewish leadership of America" wouldn't stand for it.

Ernst reportedly later summed up the President's explanation in these words:

> The Zionist movement knows that Palestine is, and will be for some time, a remittance society. They know that they can raise vast sums for Palestine by saying to donors, "There is no other place this poor Jew can go." But if there is a world political asylum for all people irrespective of race, creed, or color, they cannot raise their money. Then the people who do not want to give the money will have an excuse to say "What do you mean, there is no place they can go but Palestine? They are the preferred wards of the world."

(Unfortunately, Lilienthal has not authenticated this anecdote with any documentary evidence. The remarks attributed to Roosevelt are simply as related by Ernst "to a Cincinnati audience in 1950.")

When the UN voted in 1947 on the partition of Palestine, prominent Americans in and out of government swung into action to obtain the two-thirds majority vital to Israel's status in the international community. To the representatives of the small nations that were on the receiving end of the pressure to vote for partition, it was never quite clear where U.S. policy ended and unauthorized private tactics began. The high-powered lobbyists took maximum advantage of this ambiguity. In the end, three crucial votes were changed to create the necessary vote of 33 to 13 that favored partition. Lilienthal's narration of all these critical events is informative and well documented, though some will challenge his interpretation of President Truman's conflicts with the State Department.

What Lilienthal calls the "Zionist Connection" between Israel and the United States has deepened over three decades at both official and unofficial levels. Republican and Democratic administrations and candidates have engaged in an intense competition to evince greater (and, to the U.S. taxpayer, more costly) support for Israel. Under the Nixon and Ford administrations, with their commitments to preserving Israel's technological military superiority, aid to Israel rose to record levels, and Carter has shown no inclination for budget cuts in this area. Vice President Mondale summed up the result last spring: "Of the total U.S. military aid abroad in next year's budget, 42 percent of the supporting assistance, 48 percent of military sales credits, and 56 percent of all military grants go to Israel. Moreover, repayment of about half of those $1 billion worth of credits is consistently forgiven." Through this combination of assistance, grants, and "forgiven" credits, Israel manages to maintain a per capita arms budget of over $1000 per person. (The U.S. arms expenditure was $390 per capita in 1974, when Israel's was $1110, according to Lilienthal's figures.)

The social cost of military spending is somewhat offset by private donations—mainly from the United States, where they are tax-deductible—through such agencies as the United Jewish Appeal. In the year following the last Arab-Israeli war, these donations reached $1 billion. Israel Bonds contribute heavily to the country's development budget; the buyers include the New York City Teachers Union ($30 million), the teamsters ($26 million), and more than three thousand U.S. banks. And, Lilienthal adds, "a New York State law . . . enabled savings banks, savings and loan associations, and credit unions to invest up to 5 percent of their net worth in Israel Bonds. According to 1976 figures of net worth, this could result in more than a quarter of a billion dollars . . . being invested in one of the world's worst credit risks."

Lilienthal stands firmly in the tradition of American Jews who opposed the Zionist cause and dreamed instead of a secular Palestine.

Israel Shahak, an Israeli dissident quoted approvingly by Lilienthal, argues that these outside funds give the Israeli government added power over its citizens, since the latter are not its true paymasters. Shahak notes sardonically that peace would be very bad for his nation's overseas fund-raising.

AT THE VERY LEAST, THE hard economic facts make clear that the United States holds the key to Israel's future. The desert may bloom, but Israel cannot have its military budget without U.S. assistance on a massive scale. Thus, Lilienthal is correct to couch his specific recommendations for "justice and then peace" in the Middle East in terms of U.S. initiatives. "The number-one step on any peace agenda," he argues, "is for the U.S. to grant immediate and forthright recognition to the PLO as the legitimate representative of the Palestinian people and to lend every possible assistance to the establishment of a Palestinian state on the West Bank and Gaza." Since Camp David, such a prospect seems more remote than ever; yet the Palestinian problem remains. Egypt and Israel cannot make it disappear; it will have to be faced, sooner or later.

But let us assume for the sake of argument that the PLO could be forgotten once and for all—perhaps crushed militarily and then scattered to the four winds by its own centrifugal

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political tendencies. Suppose peace came to Lebanon and the Palestinians there were assimilated. To complete the fairy tale, we might imagine the rest of the descendants of the Palestinian refugees living happily ever after in the affluence of the oil-rich Gulf states. We would still be left with the West Bank—and the Palestinians inside Israel's pre-1967 borders as well. Polite discourse refers to this as the "demographic" problem—meaning that the higher birth rate of the non-Jewish population could eventually produce an Arab majority no matter how the borders are drawn. The only solution, says Lilienthal, is a different kind of state.

"Washington must persuade Israel," he asserts, "through Jewish-American leadership that the State of Israel must de-Zionize by giving up its abnormal nationalism, which extends inchoate citizenship to nationals of other countries because they share a common faith." Under such a plan, borders become a secondary matter and Jewish settlements on the West Bank a natural development, in Lilienthal's view. "Whether it is called 'dismantling' or 'remantling' of the state," he asks, "what is so destructive about Jewish Israelis sharing a whole country with the original Palestinian Arab inhabitants?"

Lilienthal's is a lonely voice. But, as he shows in his book, he stands firmly in a tradition of Jewish Americans opposed to Zionism. Almost as a footnote to his historical narration, Lilienthal tells of the thirty-one prominent Jewish Americans including Adolph S. Ochs of the *New York Times* and Henry Morgenthau, Sr., who petitioned President Wilson in 1919: The World War had been won, soon Britain would receive the League of Nations mandate for Palestine, and the Zionist struggle for a Jewish state would begin in earnest. The thirty-one petitioners reminded their President that Zionism did not represent unanimous Jewish opinion. They concluded:

> As to the future of Palestine, it is our fervent hope that what was once a "promised land" for the Jews may become a "land of promise" for all races and creeds, safeguarded by the League of Nations. . . . We ask that Palestine be constituted as a free and independent state, to be governed under a democratic form of government, recognizing no distinctions of creed or race or ethnic descent, and with adequate power to protect the country against oppression of any kind. We do not wish to see Palestine either now or at any time organized as a Jewish State.

FILM

***NORMA RAE*, directed by Martin Ritt.**

***THE CHINA SYNDROME*, directed by James Bridges.**

Polemics and popcorn

STEPHEN HARVEY

DESPITE HOLLYWOOD'S notoriety as escapism-purveyor to the universe, there's always been a small but dogged band of moviemakers possessed of a mission—namely, to prove that it isn't enough for movies simply to move or talk; if they're going to be really worthwhile, they have to say something important as well. Actually, it's always struck me as redundant to try to infuse a film with an italicized dose of social significance, since the movies reflect the culture that spawns them, whether they intend to or not, and usually much more intriguingly when the effort doesn't show. Besides, if good intentions automatically produced high artistic achievement, then Stanley Kramer would be the greatest moviemaker the American screen has ever known.

Martin Ritt is one director who has devoted more than twenty years of work to themes of moral struggle and social uplift, and his current *Norma Rae* conforms wholly to the pattern. *Edge of the City*, his first film, was a vehicle for two young actors, John Cassavetes and Sidney Poitier, and came out four-square for racial amity and against mob manipulation of labor; a decade or so later, his *The Molly Maguires* was yet another treatment of worker unrest on an even more grandiose scale.

Yet like so many urban liberals who came of political age in the fifties, Ritt kept gazing at Dixie, the nation's then-current moral battlefield, with mingled affection, self-righteousness, and revulsion. First came his exceedingly loose adaptations of Faulkner (*The Long Hot Summer*, *The Sound and the Fury*), all simmering passion and inbred decadence amidst the Spanish moss. Next came his tributes to the endurance of the human spirit among oppressed blacks (*Sounder*, *Conrack*) as well as poor whites (*Casey's Shadow*)—tributes filled with dismayed compassion for the ignorance and deprivation of his subjects, yet inspired by their alleged simple grandeur of spirit, so alien to those coddled, overcivilized neighbors to the north. In Ritt's sub–Mason-Dixon Line dramas, salvation comes either from the solace of strong family ties, or in the person of some idealistic, ethnically-contrasted *deus ex machina*; but, one way or another, deliverance inevitably arrives.

Sure enough, *Norma Rae* focuses on a spunky, open-hearted textile worker (Sally Field), of wayward morals and negligible education, whose platonic Pygmalion is a Jewish labor organizer named Reuben (Ron Leibman). Their joint effort to organize the cotton factory in which she works, and her own journey toward self-awareness, together give *Norma Rae* a certain topical edge. Yet since the Old South hardly serves as an instant metaphor for antediluvian squalor anymore, the movie can't help but retain a faintly anachronistic tone. (Had Ritt made *Norma Rae* fifteen years ago, and well he might have, she would probably have been black and Reuben undoubtedly a Freedom Rider, but the hero still would have opted for those same few verses of Dylan Thomas to enlighten her with, and they still wouldn't have slept together, anyway.)

ARCHAIC AND SLIGHTLY patronizing though this may all sound in rough outline, the movie possesses a genuine core of feeling that can't be denied—or easily resisted. What Ritt is really celebrating is the notion that ordinary people can display extraordinary resources when obliged to do so, and, as usual in his films, he grounds the characters in the kind of specificity of detail that springs from the "typical," and renders it individ-

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ual and persuasive. As a director, he's smart enough to realize that having an earnest message to impart is no reason not to be funny from time to time, and he's sensitive enough to tap reserves in his performers that they've rarely revealed before.

The result is that although you can see the pat resolution of the plot coming practically from the first reel change, along the way the characters keep developing in ways that trip up your expectations. You anticipate trouble when Norma Rae marries her phlegmatic good ol' boy suitor (Beau Bridges), and you get it, but Ritt brings you up short when he and Bridges unveil an intuitive sweetness about the character that undercuts the usual stereotypes. Throughout, Norma Rae's fortitude and determination may make her admirable, but it's her pragmatic coquettishness and school of hard knocks irony that make her human, and even lovable.

It's hard to think of any actress more ideally suited for such a role than Sally Field, although after she'd played three compliant playmates consecutively in Burt Reynolds movies, I was beginning to wonder if she'd ever have the chance to prove what she's really capable of. Field has one of the most mobile, expressive faces in the movies, and with her fleshy yet vaguely haggard features, including eyes that register absolutely everything, she was born to play those working-class heroines whom Jane Fonda condescends to impersonate from time to time.

Field is expert at seasoning the role with throwaway flashes of wit ("Kuh-vetch, kuh-vetch, kuh-vetch," she drawls at Leibman after one of his hyperthyroid tirades), but she's especially gifted at enriching a scene by conveying simultaneous, conflicting strands of emotion. Planted atop a worktable, defying management to eject her, she stands rigid with resolve while her eyes dart about with fear and self-consciousness. Particularly moving is the beautifully modulated sequence when Norma Rae confesses her checkered past to her kids; here, Field handily mingles her sense of pain at the memories, her affection for the children, and a quiet matter-of-factness about the necessity of her avowal. I very much doubt there will be many performances this year as richly textured as this one.

Ritt and his scriptwriters, his frequent collaborators Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., do occasionally go overboard in their penchant for cute idiosyncrasies. Reuben is virtually a walking Reader's Digest condensation of *The Joys of Yiddish*, with a joky reference to hot dogs from Nathan's or fiancées named Dorothy Finkelstein. (Leibman and the cinematographer don't help matters by constantly thrusting the actor's beaky nose and well-orthodontiaed canines at you.) Ritt really falters, however, when he veers away from the specific to the general: Among a number of stilted moments, the scene in which the workers one by one shut down their machines in support of Norma Rae is so stagily cadenced that it only brings to mind the first-act finale of *The Pajama Game*. Throughout Ritt is clearly far more comfortable orchestrating the actors drafted to stand in for "real people" than in confronting the genuine articles themselves. The grit and insight personified by the title character are never quite equaled by the movie that encases her, but she and Field are enough to make it absorbing just the same.

IT'S QUITE A STYLISTIC LEAP from the low-keyed humanism of *Norma Rae* to the triphammer tempos of *The China Syndrome*, but the impulse behind the two films is the same: basically, to shape mass opinion on a hot current problem by packaging the message enticingly for apolitical moviegoers. The contrast between the two movies has a lot to do with the fact that the filmmakers involved come from two different generations. For future Ph.D.-candidate chroniclers of the seventies *Zeitgeist*, *The China Syndrome* is a textbook illustration of the way in which, after years of mutual contempt, the austere ideologues of the sixties have adapted to a less polemicized climate, with the cooperation of the commercial film industry.

With Jane Fonda's participation behind as well as in front of the cameras, *The China Syndrome* was cowritten by a former documentarian named Mike Gray; his credits include *The Murder of Fred Hampton*, about an event that he actually witnessed. He, Fonda, and colleagues, most notably director James Bridges, have learned their lessons well, culling the liveliest elements from such previous political thrillers as *Z* and *All The President's Men*. Despite the ostensible magnitude of the subject

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matter, the genre they've chosen to work in is melodrama unabashed—the ideological lines firmly drawn between conspiratorial villainy on one side and the impassioned pursuit of a clearly defined Truth on the other.

This time around the peril posited comes not from a Greek junta or the Republican establishment, but from the corrupt chieftains of industry who are financing a nuclear power plant that could wreak environmental damage of incalculable proportions. Instead of Woodward and Bernstein, *The China Syndrome* features one Kimberly Wells (Fonda), a newscaster perennially assigned to happy-talk human interest stories; and her cameraman (Michael Douglas), a blunt idealist contemptuous of her career-minded tact and acquiescence. While shooting a routine job they inadvertently witness a potentially disastrous accident at the local power station. Their film is immediately suppressed and the episode covered up, but eventually a dismayed insider comes through with the appalling facts. In lieu of an unseen Deep Throat, the catalyst is a very visible Jack Lemmon, as a cog in the thermonuclear machine who resents seeing the system he helped construct being misused by the greedy. From that point on, the plot crackles with chases, confrontations, and acts of sabotage, down to a breathless denouement in which virtue and venality battle it out to the finish.

Like most effective melodramas, *The China Syndrome* is concocted with painstaking symmetry. Both Lemmon and Fonda play highly motivated vassals serving industries founded on technology and dedicated to profit; the film frantically intercuts their parallel efforts to bring their employers to task, then steers their paths to converge for an ultimate act of dramatic catharsis. Not surprisingly, this movie is a showcase for the very machinery whose potency it's decrying: While the camera tracks relentlessly through the powerstation control room or blinks with an assortment of simulated TV screens, the soundtrack resonates with a surfeit of convincingly dense technical lingo. Television's penchant for transforming everything up to and including hard news into show-biz is the movie's secondary target, and it's tackled via satirical subversion rather than a grim frontal attack. For all her fervent journalistic ambitions, Kimberly has been trained to fluff her hennaed locks, gloss her lips, and affix a perky smile quicker than you can say "Minicam," and the film's last image is a malicious video sight-gag much too good to disclose.

The acting is as briskly efficient as is the director's high-tension craftsmanship. Lemmon skillfully adapts that face-creasing frenziedness of his for dramatic purposes; as for Fonda, this is less a vehicle for her than a juggernaut of a plot sweeping her along in its thrall. She responds with a limber, quick-witted turn that is a lot less overbearing than most of her recent efforts. Still, her insistence on acting out Living Civics is getting a bit wearing. Her recent brace of roles passing through egoism to conscience and commitment, at well-calibrated turns, may be a lot more heartening to watch and satisfying to perform than the succession of nubile bimbos she was once condemned to play, but ultimately her self-imposed typecasting is no less confining for all that.

It would be useless to complain that *The China Syndrome* doesn't play fair with the issues, since nothing could have been farther from its intentions. The last thing Fonda, Bridges, and company wanted to do was betray even a hint to the audience that there might possibly be two sides to the matter. Ironically enough, this film superbly brings off the very thing it accuses the opposition of trying to achieve—I mean, if this isn't manipulating the media in the interests of propaganda I don't know what is. *The China Syndrome* will probably induce a thousandfold more conversions to the cause than would a five-foot stack of sober print editorials. As a serious look at the side effects of nuclear energy it's questionable at the very least, but as canny entertainment it's one long chain reaction of excitement and suspense. ❑

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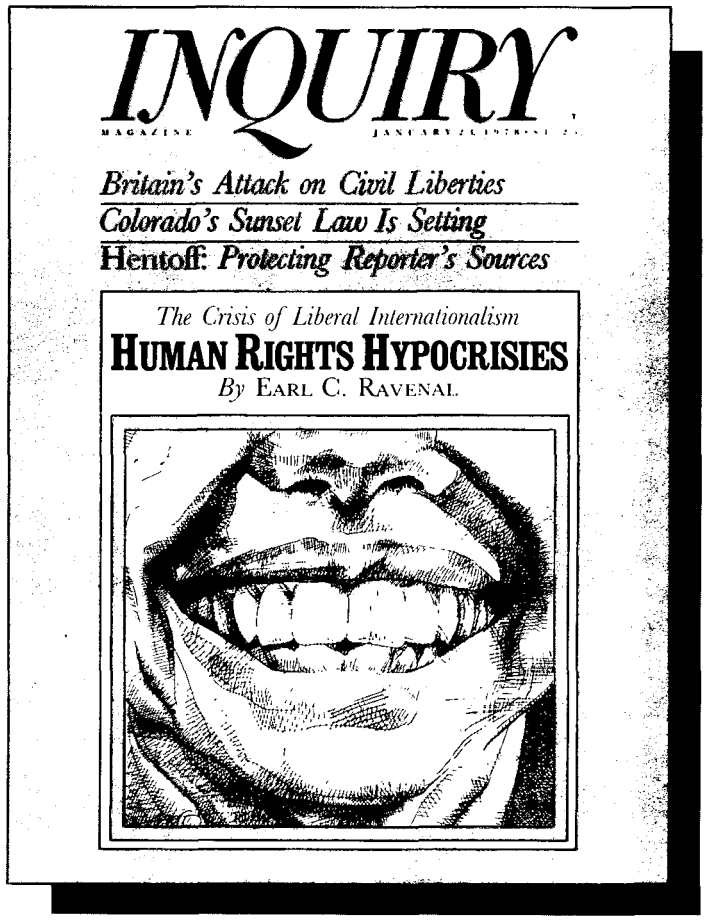

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